MAY 15

VOGUE



How to Make Yourself Beautiful

ADVANCE
RETAIL
TRADE
EDITION

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Vogue
May 15, 1955

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Vol. 125, No. 9
Whole No. 1949

B. ALTMAN & CO.

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lends the charm of an elegant era
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clouds of nylon tricot embellished
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White with pink or blue ribbon.
gown in sizes 32 to 36, **14.95**
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seem to have in their clothes?
They're probably wearing
JACKMAN *custom originals.*
You'll find the **JACKMAN** *label*
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Flexees wonderful new "3-in-1"



1. It's a bra... the flattering High Round* strapless

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THE "GRANDFATHER" BATHING SUIT BY TINA LESER.



the Remington

Duchess

...dainty electric shaver that's feminine as a blush!

Once over lightly with "Duchess" and your legs will be sleek as satin, with *never* an ugly scar to mar their allure!

Your underarms, too, will be smooth—blissfully free from painful "pulls" and razor nicks.

This *feminine* shaver *caresses* your skin, with a touch as light as a sigh—it's knowingly shaped to follow curved contours smoothly.

For all its speed and efficiency, "Duchess" is *so gentle* that you may apply your deodorant immediately after using it, if you wish!

Ask to see the dainty Remington "Duchess" today at your favorite store. As important an accessory for all fastidious women as the Remington 60 DeLuxe is for men.



Peppermint Pink or Duchess Blue, with slender matching cords, in a smart "Jewel" case that will decorate your dressing table!

A product of Remington Rand

two rare specimens



from Cole's FEMALE ANIMAL beachwear collection

Tawny jaguars captured in cotton... the high-bosomed sheath for prowling the beach, $10.95 — the leisure ensemble for lolling in your den, $14.95.

Cole
of California

© 1955 Cole of California

May 15 Trade Edition

VOGUE

your customer wants to know...

"HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF BEAUTIFUL"

HOW TO BE THIS SUMMER'S BEAUTY

(pages 29 to 33) *the fair complexion* *the new make-up* *Vogue's beauty chart*

the pin-up coiffures *new evening cottons (pages 70 to 75)* *news in junior sizes (pages 76 to 77)*

SMART SUMMER THINKING *(pages 54 to 63)*

daily shirt dresses *this many dots* *checks in new amounts*

SHOES IN 1955 *(pages 64 to 67)* *new prints* *new colours*

summer weekend shoes

Build a store-wide feature around Vogue's "How to Make Yourself Beautiful" theme. Use Vogue's copy ideas and philosophy to help sell beauty ideas and fashions from your own stocks... through newspaper advertising, window displays and fashion shows.

OTHER VOGUE FASHION POINTS:

day and evening news in rose, the print or the colour . . . white for the beach in the abbreviated trench coat, the overshirt . . . lightweight canvas luggage for summer weekend travelling . . . success story, the knitted bathing suit . . . for little girls, daily dresses, play and party dresses minus sleeves, a good look under cardigans . . . the straight coat dress, an important new look for little girls clothes . . . for men . . . summer suitings in man-made fibres.

ON PAGE 2 of this Trade Edition Supplement . . . the "Vogue Says" quotes to help sell your merchandise with Vogue's Fashion Authority.

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VOGUE, MAY 15, 1955, VOL. 125, NO. 9

QUOTE VOGUE

AND SELL FASHION

Let what "Vogue Says" headline your advertisements and underline your displays.

Letter these "Vogue Says" quotes on your own window and interior display cards.

For Cosmetics, Coiffures

VOGUE SAYS: "The fairer complexion—
key to this summer's beauty"
VOGUE SAYS: "This summer's make-up—more vivid"
VOGUE SAYS: "New eye make-up—several colours per eye"
VOGUE SAYS: "New eye-idea—three shades of blue shadow"
VOGUE SAYS: "Use two leaf-green eye shadows this summer"
VOGUE SAYS: "Violet lipstick—for this fair summer"
VOGUE SAYS: "Coral lipstick—for a fair-skinned summer"
VOGUE SAYS: "Violet nail enamel makes a white hand whiter"
VOGUE SAYS: "Warm coral nail enamel—
partner for a coral mouth"
VOGUE SAYS: "Sharp pink nail enamel—with violet lipstick"
VOGUE SAYS: "Pinned-up hair—for this summer's beauty"
VOGUE SAYS: "The serene coiffure—new elegance"
VOGUE SAYS: "The return of the hairpin"

For Beach Fashions, Luggage

VOGUE SAYS: "Strong cuts of white—for strong sunlight"
VOGUE SAYS: "Slacks-and-shirt look—strong in white"
VOGUE SAYS: "White shirts—beach news"
VOGUE SAYS: "Abbreviated trench coat—beach news in white"
VOGUE SAYS: "Abbreviated trench coat—cover for bathing suits"
VOGUE SAYS: "White overshirt—collared on a grand scale"
VOGUE SAYS: "White knit maillot—promise of fashion success"
VOGUE SAYS: "Grey Bermuda shorts—in fine-cut flannel"
VOGUE SAYS: "White silk shirt—tailored for a woman"
VOGUE SAYS: "Lightweight canvas luggage—
easiest way to travel"

For Summer Fashions

VOGUE SAYS: "Gentle rosiness—news for day"
VOGUE SAYS: "Rose red silk, jacketed—country lunch look"
VOGUE SAYS: "The thin silks—smart summer thinking"
VOGUE SAYS: "Pillow ticking print—on thin silk for summer"
VOGUE SAYS: "Silk chiffon—for late-day"
VOGUE SAYS: "New spindrift silks—nicest summer find"
VOGUE SAYS: "The thin cottons—perfect summer fashion"
VOGUE SAYS: "Pale, light cotton—for late-day"
VOGUE SAYS: "White batiste—for a dress-up afternoon"
VOGUE SAYS: "Country-life cotton—thin, white, wearable"
VOGUE SAYS: "All-day city cotton—in leopard-skin colours"
VOGUE SAYS: "Cotton in stripes—leads a pretty country life"
VOGUE SAYS: "Polka dots on cotton—neatness insurance"
VOGUE SAYS: "Town cotton—kept to a slender silhouette"
VOGUE SAYS: "Pale fabrics—thickly dotted"
VOGUE SAYS: "Neat pin checks—secret of summer freshness"
VOGUE SAYS: "Thickly checked cotton—for all day"
VOGUE SAYS: "Cotton checks—summer treasure"
VOGUE SAYS: "Checked cotton suit—wonderful for travel"

For Evening Fashions

VOGUE SAYS: "Gentle rosiness—on summer evening dresses"
VOGUE SAYS: "Slender ball gown—summer fashion news"
VOGUE SAYS: "Tunic line—for summer dinner-and-evening"
VOGUE SAYS: "Black organdie—for summer's evenings"
VOGUE SAYS: "Polka-dot cotton—summer-evening dress"
VOGUE SAYS: "New evening cotton—
airily skirted, lightly-sleeved"
VOGUE SAYS: "White cotton organdie—spark to beauty"
VOGUE SAYS: "Checked gingham—romanticized for evening"
VOGUE SAYS: "Billowy evening dress—to make you beautiful"
VOGUE SAYS: "Floating cottons—summer evening beauties"
VOGUE SAYS: "Embroidered white organdie—prettily bouffant"
VOGUE SAYS: "Tucked white organdie—romantic tradition"
VOGUE SAYS: "Pale organdie—making a beautiful impression"
VOGUE SAYS: "Pink-flowered dimity—pretty by lantern light"

For Shoes

VOGUE SAYS: "Tortoise-shell prints and colours—1955 leathers"
VOGUE SAYS: "Newest shoe leathers—in tawny colours"
VOGUE SAYS: "Tortoise-shell printed opera pumps—1955 shoes"
VOGUE SAYS: "Low-heeled play shoes—beach transportation"
VOGUE SAYS: "Leather sandals—
summer week-end transportation"

For Men's Fashions

VOGUE SAYS: "Charcoal suiting—new summer blend"
VOGUE SAYS: "Silk suit—finest a man can own"
VOGUE SAYS: "Silk suiting in dark colours—new this year"
VOGUE SAYS: "Italian cotton suit—good downtown look"
VOGUE SAYS: "Linen suit—newest in a herringbone pattern"
VOGUE SAYS: "Suit of Orlon and Nylon—good for travel"
VOGUE SAYS: "Tropical worsted with mohair—
ideal summer suiting"

For Children's Dresses

VOGUE SAYS: "New summer dresses—exit, sleeves"
VOGUE SAYS: "Striped shirtwaist—daily summer dress"
VOGUE SAYS: "Straight coat dress—new look for children"
VOGUE SAYS: "Dimity jumper dress"
VOGUE SAYS: "Summer-party dress—blue linen"
VOGUE SAYS: "Crinkly-cotton dress—for Sunday luncheon"
VOGUE SAYS: "Young print—in black and white"
VOGUE SAYS: "Pretty cotton slips—on summer time"
VOGUE SAYS: "New summer dresses—
enchanting under cardigans"

Your release date: May 12



THE BOW BRUMMEL
$35.00 BY JUNIOR
SOPHISTICATES

IN SPRINGMAID'S
EXCITING "DAZZLE"
—THE LUSTROUS
WRINKLE-RESISTANT
BROADCLOTH IN RED,
TAUPE, OR BLACK...
WITH A GREAT FLIRT
OF BLACK BOW
ENCHANTING THE
WHITE COLLAR.
SIZES 7-15

Gunther
Jaeckel
10 EAST 57TH

THE SALONETTE

wonderful MEXICO has everything!

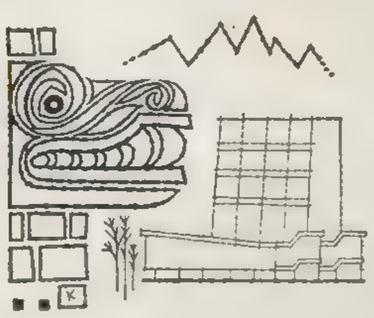


Even a sizzling steak tastes better in a lovely Mexican setting like this!



trying for a tuna...

or a nice, deep tan, you'll be sure to find either on Mexico's sun-warmed tropical coast where the nights are breeze-conditioned and pleasure is an every-minute thing.



sightseeing in the city...

is so exciting from the mysterious ancient city of Teotihuacan with its memories of a lost tribe to busy Mexico City with its modern skyscrapers, glamourous nightclubs and "foreign" atmosphere.



shopping for a serape...

hand-wrought silver or any one of Mexico's famous crafts with a tiny price tag, you'll find your dollar will go farther than you'd believe possible anywhere. In fact, everything in Mexico is priced to put luxury well within your vacation budget.

See your travel agent or

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Mrs. Exeter's list

The Mrs. Exeter page in this issue of Vogue? Specifically, none; but on many of the following pages there's fashion, and allied information, very pertinent to her summer plans. Such as:

The beauty news, pages 27-37: Much of this applies to Mrs. E.'s complexion and coiffure. The new fashion for not tanning will suit her book beautifully; so will the trend toward hairpinned hair. And she'll probably find Vogue's Beauty Chart (pages 34-37) a useful brush-up on her knowledge of the basic beauty facts; they're all listed there, along with beauty ideas that will come as news even to a woman of Mrs. Exeter's beauty-experience.

Pages 42, 43, 44, 45. For the Mrs. E. who leads a made-to-order fashion life, three perfect pieces of fashion, provided this proviso is met with—that she's also a Mrs. E. whose arms are admirable (or such a persuasive one that she can talk Mr. Mainbocher into making the sleevelessness sleeved for her). The fourth dress, on page 43, has a sweater, so there's no problem there at all.

Page 49. Another piece of Mrs. Exeter fashion that's perfect with certain provisions—slenderness; a cool, calm kind of personal style; and a clothes-budget that's Paris-size.

Page 55. The flowered print, our pick on this page; the smart coverage, in thin silk, that's why. Sizes 8 to 18.

Pages 58, 59. Our Mrs. Exeter choices here: the black and white checked city dress (sizes 8 to 18) and the white country shirt dress (sizes 8 to 16). Both are sleeved, but unconfining; as neat and smart as the neatest, smartest Mrs. E. could want.

Pages 60, 61. On the left-hand page, a polka-dot print that's a good summer choice for practically all the real-life Mrs. Exeters we know (it comes in sizes 8 to 18). Shown at the top of page 61, on the other hand, polka dots for our slim acquaintances only—the slender cut's the reason, although the dress is available in sizes 8 to 16.

Page 62. In the lower left-hand corner, a checked cotton travelling suit (sizes 8 to 18) which we'd recommend for a Mrs. Exeter who's on the crisp, tailored—and non-hippy—side.

Pages 66, 67. Shoe information that every smart woman, every smart Mrs. Exeter included, should bone up on for summer.

Pages 88, 89, 90, 91. The look here—guaranteed to make Mrs. Exeter look like a grandmother; it's a collection of summer dresses for her granddaughters, that will bring a nice, greedy, grandmotherly gleam to her eye as she reads.

Continental *commands the attentive glance...long torso, new tucked corselette with all-around hemline, jeweled cluster pins.*
Sizes 32 to 40 $25.00
from the masterpiece collection

la continental

par Catalina

Siam Sapphire, Wild Cherry, Violette, Water Hyacinth, Cruise Blue and Black
Of Finest Laton Taffeta Lastex by WARNER'S

©CATALINA, INC., LOS ANGELES, A DIVISION OF JULIUS KAYSER & COMPANY. HOSIERY · LINGERIE · GLOVES

this is the very new TREO®

*dual fashioned front



the new double-action version of TREO's fabulous "fashioned front"... lightly designed *(without a single bone)*... yet no girdle can match it in smoothing bulges out of sight.

*Patent Pending

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The evergreen hills

W. R. RODGERS

"I remember," said the countryman, "in my granda's time, over in Armagh, there was one hare that would always give us a whale of a hunt. My granda used to be carried out to the top of the hill just to watch her. We were fond of her, you see. One day—sorrow take it!—didn't a divil of a fellow lay wait for her with a gun, and shoot her. Do you know what?—that fellow had to leave the country. The people would have killed him." The hare in Ireland has her rights, and the hunter his ritual. On a bare wintry morning in my northern parish I would hear the horn calling from the hilltop, and see, from each farm within earshot, a white-and-tan hound detach itself and hurry across the fields—Hector, Traveller, Bugler, Shamrock, Megaera—all the Eumenides, giving tongue. "There would never have been a hare coursed in Greece," said Arrian, eighteen centuries ago, "had not the hound first been brought from Ireland."

Here then is the oldest hunt in Europe. To me, a townsman who loved those leisurely, backward Irish fields, the chase had a sharp beauty and terror; as if edge and urgency had been deliberately lent to life. Valley and slope suddenly took on a strategic importance.

"Over hills a running line
Curled like a whiplash,
fast and fine;
Past me sailed the sudden pack
Along the taut and tingling
track."

What blind stab of history hurried them on? And why should those easy-going peasants follow on foot, all day long, through wind and weather, prizing only the hound among dogs and praising only the hare among wild creatures? How could they cherish with such ritualistic care the thing which they hunted? I have seen one hunter—the oldest and wisest—stand in a gap and threaten to brain either man or dog who went through it after the hare. "For," said he, "hasn't she given you a good three hours run, and she'll give it again."

What was this curious connivance by which the hare was supposed to *give* a hunt, and to give it eagerly? "I have only to let the dog out," explained an old man, "and he'll raise a hare that waits for him every day in the orchard yonder." Try as I would, I could not convince any countrymen to the contrary; no, not even my own uncle-in-law who otherwise was as cute as two foxes and could have stolen the eye out of an income-tax inspector's head. "Haven't I known," he said sharply, "on this very farm, a hare rearing her young at the backside of a dog kennel. Now, what do you make of that, Sergeant Clever?" Not very much, indeed; nor did I tell him that all the mediaeval documents on the subject supported him up to the hilt on this very question: the hare *had*, it appeared, a hankering after the hound; centuries ago, it seemed, she had made a pact with her adversary:

"Then, in a fine mead, she
being almost spent,
She made her last will, ay,
and testament.
'Crop cur, with thee,' says
she, 'I will not stay,
Nor with true-running Cutty
that showed such fair play,
But to thee, brave Hector,
I yield up my life.'
And so Hector bore her, and
ended the strife."

I was puzzled. Plainly I was up against some immemorial, rural, myth-making mind for which these things had meaning and manifestation. Better to hold my peace, to take my time, and listen to the harebrained country talk. And so, bit by bit, year after year, I gathered the jigsaw pieces of talk, conduct, custom, and belief, and put them patiently together until the last piece dropped into place and the picture of the hunt was complete.

It was a strange picture, for I suddenly saw that what I was looking at was a folk-play, old as the hills that surrounded me; a serious play in which the stage was the countryside, the players were hare and hound, and the theme was the timeless one of life and death—all presented on a grand scale and in the heroic manner. Here, then, was no mere sport, but a pathetic attempt to re-enact the pattern of the hunted human condition; for this was *man's* predicament, *man's* dilemma, *man's* tragedy that was being played out: hare and hound were only the horns on which he hung that dilemma. With unerring and unconscious accuracy the peasant producers of the play had cast the hare in the rôle of Life, with the hound as her protagonist. Why?

Because of her agility, her power to turn and twist and take all cunning moves to shake off relentless Death, the pursuer. "You'll observe," said my neighbour, "how the hare is double witty. It's not her speed but her power of turning that saves her. And her tricks. To give you an example now—when a hare's being chased, and she comes across another hare sitting in the grass, she'll run round and round the other, just for to raise it, so that the dogs will take after *it*. You couldn't be up to her. Indeed there's them that says she can turn herself into another hare when she likes." Yes, indeed, the very figure of life itself, evasive, unpredictable, irrepressible; little wonder that she was given the leading part in the play. "She is the most marvellous beast which is on this earth," wrote William Twiti, Huntsman to the King's Majesty, Edward the Second of England, six hundred years ago, "for at one time it is male, and at another it is female." Any ruse to escape from her devoted foe and inseparable follower.

Now I understood the meaning of the ritual pact and supposed alliance between hare and hound; where life is, death is seldom far away; the one has a hankering after the other. I understood, too, why (an unwritten taboo) no Irish hunting-man will ever eat the hare, for the hare is as himself; why he will always help and further the very creature which he pursues, for symbolically it is his own life that is at stake. "I was going down the road," said one man, "when I sees the hunt coming full tilt across the next field, with the hare about a couple of yards ahead of the hounds. Out she comes into the road, and, with that, I lifts her in my arms and throws her clean over the ditch into the far field. It gave her just that extra chance, for the hounds were after her in a flash. I leaped through the hedge thinking they had got her. But dang the bit! Where do you think she was? Right up at the top of a holly bush, sitting as calm as you please, with the dogs roaring and rampaging round the bottom." Fair play, or unfair play, life must have her chance.

And so, in that northern parish, year after year, I would watch the play, sacred to the season, go on, unvarying in its round and ritual. The hunting horn would sound, and the curtain would rise on a countryside glittering in the morning light. Far away in the valley, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand straggled across the fields—hare and hounds, life and death, the old partners at the old pursuit. "Tell her we're coming!" the huntsmen would cry, as they walked like the Lord God upon the hill-tops, surveying the scene below; a revolving scene, for the hare, like life, runs in a wide circle.

"For as the hare, whom hounds
and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from which
at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return and die at home
at last."

In the midst of man's death, in the winter of his days, the hare is his ancient symbol of resurrection. A pagan symbol, no doubt, as the Archbishop of Armagh knew six hundred years ago when he inhibited all the faithful, under pain of the greater excommunication, from hunting the hare at Easter. But the faithful, like the hare, have always taken evasive action, and Easter is still the peak time in the hunting-man's calendar. And still the local song is composed that will carry the name and fame of hare, hound, and hunter, to unborn generations.

"It was on a Monday morning
It was on St. Patrick's Day,
Sweet music of a hunting horn
Blew loudly on yon brae,
It cheered our heart to think once
more
Our fame we would renew,
To think all of that glorious past
That day around Annaghue."

But today is a dark day, for the newspapers tell me that a dead hare, the first known victim in Europe of myxomatosis among animals other than the rabbit, has been found in that Armagh countryside. Has the peasant, in sponsoring and spreading this running plague, outrun his historic imagination? Is this to be the end of it all, all the millennia of moving drama and country ritual? Has the restless hare, that leaping pulse of the fields, that bucolic symbol of man's unconquerable hope, been stilled at last? No, says the old symbol:

"If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle
ways
I keep and pass and turn again."

In some far Irish parish tonight the horn will be heard calling the last hounds home through the darkening fields, calling faintly home through the shards of Europe and the shades of twenty centuries—Hector, Traveller, Bugler, Shamrock, Megaera, the old brigade. Death has had its day, and life will rise to run another day, hare-brained, perennial, and irreducible as ever.

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(More news on pages 70-75)

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- Good buys, good buys, good buys, fresh in the shops — coats, dresses, hats, the perfect summer robe
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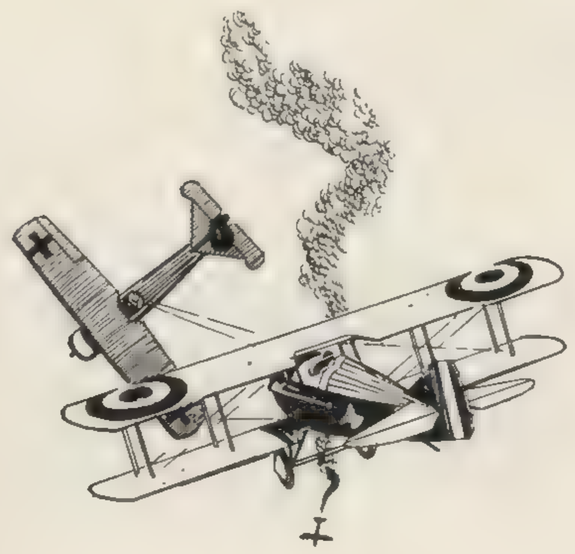
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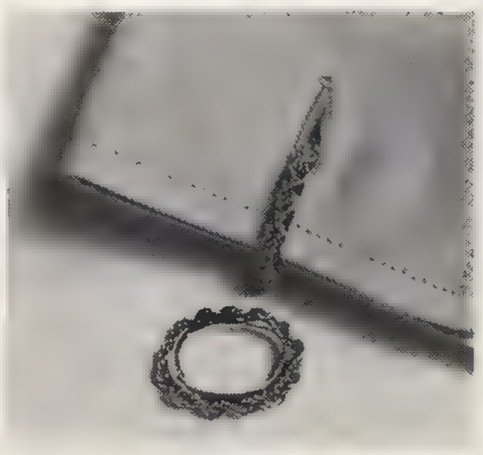
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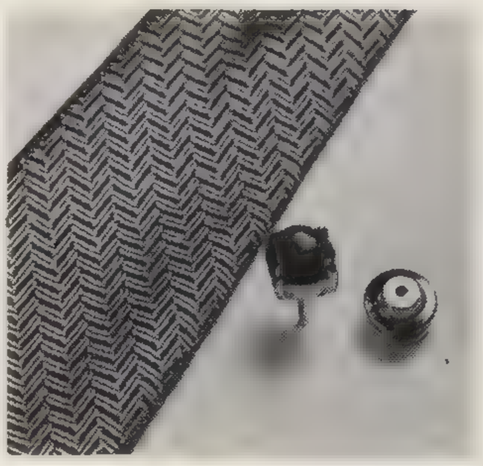
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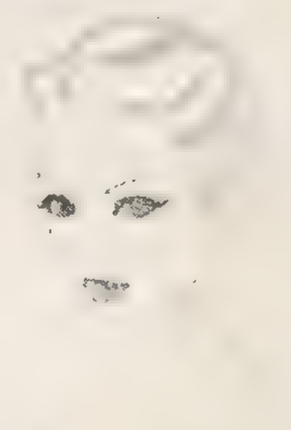




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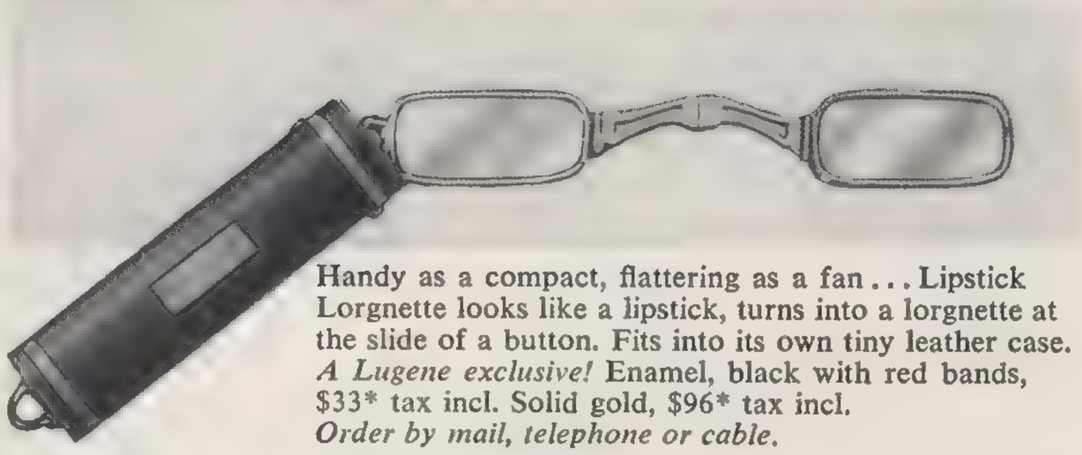
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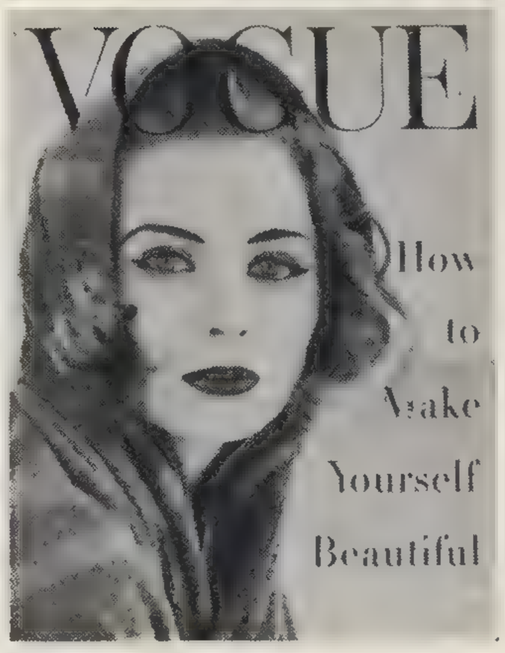
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VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

There are three Vogues: American, French, British

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH, *Publisher*



PENN

COVER: *In this beauty issue of Vogue, the first cosmetic is a towel—it's keeping the wearer out of the sun. Others might be: a shady straw hat, a swimming suit with its own coat, a covered beach dress, and the sun lotion and make-up one wears in the sun. Everything that comes between a woman's skin and the burning rays of the sun is a beautifier this summer—the lightest-tanned summer for beauties since the days of buttermilk baths. (This beauty news: page 28.)*

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IGUET DU BONH
CARON
Toute la gaieté et le charme de Paris
LE MUGUET DU BONHEUR
CARON

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Vogue's eye view of the woman who made herself beautiful

"I remember the day it began," said the beautiful woman. "I was fifteen, and I saw myself in a mirror rather like that one"... she nodded across the restaurant. "I'd been staring in mirrors, I suppose, ever since I could crawl, but this was the first time I really *saw* myself; I was astounded by my ugliness. I stared with tragic surprise at all of me: at my large face with all the large features blurred by freckles. At my big and bony hands. At my thick legs; at my feet, enormous in my school-day saddle shoes. I thought, suddenly, no one had ever told me I was so ugly—although they'd told me many other unpleasant facts: when I had not had good manners; how much money I was wasting when I popped my braces off my teeth and carried them around in my pocket; how I should have had better marks in geometry. So maybe, I thought, they never really *saw* me either—and maybe no one really knew how really homely I was. I decided then that no one ever should.

"I started in a rather naive way. I sent off coupons and fifty-cent pieces for freckle creams. I read the beauty columns in my mother's magazines. Behind my locked bedroom door I lay with my feet higher than my head. I did the bicycle exercise endlessly, with high hopes for my legs. I drank buttermilk, caught rain water on a balcony outside my room, as a wash for my face. And then I started with make-up. My nose was always powdered, I had a deep rose lipstick. And I never went anywhere at all, unless I had this primitive make-up on. Of course I know now that all this couldn't have helped very much—it was only a beginning—but it gave me the deep conviction that my ugliness could be licked, and no one would ever know that I wasn't pretty.

"I am a fraud really. I've never stopped working at it—my unbeautifulness, I mean. I don't feel like a fraud though. I've got used to people thinking I *am* pretty—and I believe, in a way, that I deserve what they say. I believe I have earned it.

"Perhaps the way to make yourself beautiful is to have the *need* to be beautiful. (At fifteen, it mattered so much.) I know now that many women who are not pretty at all lead perfectly happy lives. If I spent less money on facials now perhaps I could afford to go to a psychiatrist and know why I had this desperate need. But I'd just as soon lie on the facialist's couch. . . ."

How to Make Yourself Beautiful

For decades, the phrase "You too can be beautiful" was a matter for hollow laughter in most quarters. But suddenly, it has become a legitimate promise. As of right now, there are more accepted beauties than there ever were before. And it isn't that more beauties are being born. And it's not entirely due to better cosmetics and health habits. What has really opened up the field is that the standards of beauty have grown more generous—and plural. That used *not* to be so. The standard for beauty was fixed, and singular, changing every generation or so to another standard just as fixed and rigid.

Today, whatever type *you* are, there is an accepted beauty of just that type. Don't believe it? Look around you. The standards of accepted beauty are practically contradictory. Take actresses for instance (they're the easiest example because we all know what they look like). One has a heavy sweep of eyebrow, one's brow has a Gothic fragility. One has a heart-shaped face, another an almost lean cheekbone. One grows a quiet, shining spill of hair, one a springy crop. One has the long, large, classical eye, one a merry eye. In that galaxy you'll find a cool aquiline profile, and a leprechaun's; a willowy soft stance, and a crisp figure with angular gestures. They're all accepted beauties. And one of them looks like you. A little shorter or darker, thinner, maybe, with a fraction more or less jaw; a bit older or younger, but basically and recognizably you—as a beautiful woman.

The new definition of beauty seems to be: definition of type. The objective, then, is to find your type, to be beautiful in your own way; to work only from your own material; to owe something—maybe everything—to artifice, but not one curve of eyelash to another type. (And oh, the beautiful relief of working *with* the grain for once, instead of against it.) When you've decided who you are, and what your own best beauty should be—this whole issue is a how.

How to be *this* summer's beauty

The key is this: the fairer complexion. Not winter-white, but just slightly tempered by the summer sun. And why? For two reasons (and quite diverse reasons). First, women have discovered through their doctors, and sad experience, that severe tanning is one of the most aging experiences a skin can endure. Wrinkles can be etched into the face, large freckles imprinted upon it—and both could last a lifetime. And there is always a possibility of more serious skin disease. The second reason has more charm. Quite simply, it's the change of fashion. The fashion eye has wearied of harsh brown skin, finds the new sunny fairness—well, new. Particularly when it is pointed up with—turn the page and see.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PRIGENT; HAT BY SALLY VICTOR



NEW EYE-IDEA, SHOWN HERE IN TWO COLOURFUL CHOICES. THE PLAN: TO USE MORE THAN ONE SHADE OF SHADOW, AND TO FRAME THE SHADING BETWEEN CRAYONED LINES; ONE, DRAWN IN THE ARC OF THE EYE ITSELF; ONE BEHIND THE LASHES. THE DOMINANT SHADOW-COLOUR IS TOUCHED, TOO, OVER THE LASHES OF THE LOWER LID, IN A SHORT LINE—JUST AT THE OUTER CORNER. LEFT: TWO LEAF-GREEN SHADOWS, WITH A WING OF GOLD ABOVE. RIGHT: THREE SHADES OF BLUE—WITH TURQUOISE PREDOMINANT —BLENDED TOGETHER, AND OVERLAID WITH THEATRICAL WHITE.

FIVE CHOICES OF COLOUR FOR THIS SUMMER'S FAIR HAND.
ON THE THUMB: A WARM CORAL (PARTNER FOR A CORAL MOUTH).

HERE, A CORAL THAT HAS MORE ORANGE IN IT THAN PINK.

A SHARP PINK IS A GOOD BLEND WITH A VIOLET LIPSTICK.

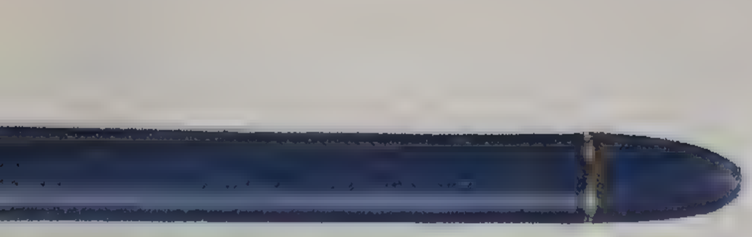
PEARLY ENAMEL, IN A BRONZE SHADE—KEYED TO CORAL.

PURE VIOLET—TO MAKE A WHITE HAND SEEM EVEN WHITER.

How to be *this* summer's beauty *continued*

Make-up

This summer's complexion will be more sheltered, look fairer. Make-up, then, will not only be more vivid—but more. For something has to take the place of the colour you used to depend on, free of effort and cost, courtesy of the sun. Summer make-up is no longer just a lipstick entirely surrounded by tan. It's as calculated and as vivid as this page. It's the extremes of lipstick colour; it's eye make-up using several colours per eye; it's nail enamel in piercing shades; it's using powder over a foundation. And, it's a little more trouble, a new habit to learn—but what rewardingly new fashion isn't?





CORAL—CHOICE FOR A FAIR-SKINNED SUMMER.
ONE EXTREME OF THE LIPSTICK COLOUR SPECTRUM.

VIOLET—ANOTHER EXTREME OF THE LIPSTICK
COLOUR RANGE, DESIGNED FOR THIS FAIR SUMMER.

HERBERT MATTER



The return of the hairpin

This summer's beauty. Again: pinned-up hair: the elegance of the serene coiffure, poised on a longer-seeming neck. *Opposite:* Here the hair is just ten inches, from smoothly-fitted crown to turned-up tips. By Michel of Helena Rubinstein, who calls it "Pin-up." Gold and turquoise earrings, by David Webb. *This page:* Here the hair is long in back, pinned close; is cropped short and freed about the face. It's called "Désirée"; is designed by Elizabeth Arden. The diamond flower: by Harry Winston.

Vogue's Beauty Chart

HAIR

Basic care

Cleansing. Hair and scalp should be cleansed daily with a vigorous brushing. A natural bristle brush is best (though plastic bristles are good for "combing").

• Wash the hair at regular intervals: keep to the schedule (once a week is average). Shampoos are made for specific hair types: dry, oily, normal, problem hair. Know yours.

Hair and Scalp Conditioning. Check the scalp constantly for dry-flaking, excessive oiliness, dandruff. These conditions are often a result of general health, fluctuate with the health. Corrective lotions and salves should be used immediately the trouble is spotted. The hair will never look its best if the scalp is unhealthy.

• If the hair is extremely curly, or given to tangling, or if the hair is bleached or coloured, use a cream rinse after the shampoo. This tones down tangles, makes hair easier to set, helps to control static electricity.
• When the hair has been damaged, it can be helped with corrective preparations (see opposite).

Trimming and Shaping. Every coiffure needs a special shaping of the hair—even longer hair. Trimming, or thinning, or shaping are usually necessary at least once a month.

Coiffure Control. Hair sprays keep the coiffure in place after the setting; are especially useful in damp summer weather. (Newest are the light, lacquer-like sprays, which allow the hair to be combed easily; or lanolin sprays, which give the hair body, shine.)

• Creamy hairdressings not only help to control the hair, but add a polish to it; and the new formulas do not make the hair sticky or "heavy."

News

Colouring. New hair-colour formulas have much prettier, more natural, infinitely more varied shades. There are now, for home use, easier-to-manage cream colours.
• Red is often the choice, now, for women who like to change their hair colour--and don't care who knows it.
• Beige blond is taking the place of platinum blond.
• Pastel tints give frail, pretty tones of silver and gold to white, or bleached-white hair.

Temporary Tints. There are many types of tints which can be rinsed into the hair one week, washed out the next.
• The red and bronze casts look newest. (Noreen, and Helena Rubinstein have unusual shades of these.)
• Colour-toned shampoos temporarily tint while washing. (Helena Rubinstein and Lilly Daché make these.)
• For women who *like* their greying or white hair, there is "Tiz"– a creamy lotion which corrects yellow streaks and drabness, as it conditions the hair. This is used after each shampoo.
• Hair crayons or touch-up sticks are useful between hair-colourings, to cover the growing-in hair.

Damaged or Difficult Hair. There are correctives for over-bleached, over-permanented, or badly dyed hair. (An excellent formula for these conditions and for lifeless hair, is Breck's "Cream Treatment," which contains a vitamin-like nutrient. Another good treatment is the well-known "Wella Kolestral." And there is Clairol's "Metalex," which counteracts the metal salts of dyed hair; puts life back into tinted and strongly-bleached hair.)
• Revlon and Breck make corrective shampoos.

Permanents. The newest permanent waves are quicker; are developed for special types of hair; are automatically controlled to leave no margin for error.
• The easiest home permanent: the new pin-curl formulas. Just set the hair as usual, wet it with the waving solution, rinse, and dry. That's all. ("Pin-It," "Pin-Quick," "Casual"—to name a few.)

Editor's note.

On this, and the following three pages, we have charted the most useful current beauty information. It is a concise, factual guide for the woman who really wants to know "How to Make Yourself Beautiful." We have divided the information into four categories: Hair; Complexion; Make-up; Figure. And we have divided each category into two sections: Basic Care (which we consider the essential minimum), and News (for we believe every woman who wants to be prettier should experiment beyond the minimum, should know the pluses of new techniques and newly-developed products).

COMPLEXION

Basic care

Skin Cleaning. The classic routine for cleansing the skin is to use a cleansing cream (applied with light, upward strokes over the neck and face) and follow it with a skin freshener (for dry and normal skins); or with an astringent (for oily skins).

• Creamy cleansing lotions are also excellent; they slip off the dirt effectively, leave the face fresh for make-up.

• Face washes are a recent development for women who like suds and water cleaning. These lather in water, but are not soap—are not drying, and do not upset the skin's acid-alkaline balance.

• If soap is used, protect the skin by first using a cleansing oil or cream, and follow the washing with an emollient.

Emollients and Special Treatments. Most dry and normal skins need emollients—and benefit by using them overnight, or, at least, for a thirty-minute period every day.

• Now, there are many special preparations which contain extra-value ingredients as well as emollient oils. These should be chosen according to various skin problems, or age (see opposite).

Masques. Masques are preparations which help to firm and clear the skin; leave it smooth for make-up. They should be used once or twice a week as a minimum.

Facials. A professional facial, once a week, is usually beneficial to the complexion of anyone over thirty.

• If professional facials are not possible, do-it-yourself programmes are worthwhile. Give the face and neck a thorough cleansing; massage with a good emollient, using firm, upward strokes on the neck and face; light, circular strokes around the eyes. Remove the cream with freshener or astringent, and follow with a rest and a masque.

News

Cleansers. Here, products of current interest for skin-cleaning:

• A face wash by Charles of the Ritz, called "Velvet Foam"—comes in a handy squeeze tube, makes a fine, soapless lather.

• "Pink Suds," by Richard Hudnut, is a liquid, soapless wash.

• "Balanced Beauty" has a cleansing oil, to be followed by a liquid soap—a good, non-drying cleansing routine.

• Creamy cleansing lotions: Dermetics "Soil Adsorbing," an old favourite with new fans; "Deep Magic," by Toni; Max Factor's new "Double-Depth," for dry skin—their "Gentle Foam," for oily skin.

• There is a new interest in cleansing oils.

Special Treatments. Newest of these are the popularly-called "bee creams." These contain royal jelly, a substance made in the hive for the strong, long-lived queen bee. This ingredient adds proteins, vitamins, minerals to various formulas: Orlane's "Crème à la Gelée Royale"; Marie Earle's "Queen Bee Cream"; "Elixir de Markoff." These are indicated for maturing skins.

• Creams with vitamins help to keep the skin pliant, smooth, and heal minor lesions and disturbances. Especially useful for dry skin of any age. A good one is Coty's "Vitamin A-D Cream."

• Hydrophilic formulas are effective in keeping the complexion moisturized, help (like English fog) to keep it fresh looking. Aging skin tends to lose its moisture. These preparations help to retain it, help to keep the skin "filled," though moisture-formulas are good for dry skin at any age. "Cream Revenescence," by Charles of the Ritz, is one of the best known; "Flowing Velvet," by Jacqueline Cochran, is a hydrophilic in lotion form.

• PH is a new factor in skin care. It means an acid-alkaline balance. If this balance is not maintained, the skin can become prey to infections, dryness: can set up a barrier against cream absorption. The Frances Denney lotion, "Formula ABC," is a PH corrective. Max Factor has four new treatment groups, called "Secret Key." Each contains a lotion to maintain the proper "acid mantle" of the healthy skin.

• Hormone creams contain estrogenic hormones which usually start decreasing in the system after a woman has reached thirty. These help to plump up the skin cells, help to ward off wrinkles. The first hormone cream was the famous "Endocreme"—which also comes in a lotion. Hormones are incorporated in many other beauty products; for example: Dorothy Gray's "Satura" night cream (which is, as well, a hydrophilic *plus* vitamins!).

• Skin serums contain natural proteins and fats—and have an astringent action on the skin, too. They are advised for women with maturing skin; are used on staggered schedules, not daily. "Re zoderme," the French chicken-embryo serum, can now be bought here. "Skin Serum" is an excellent new formula by Helena Rubinstein.

Masques are more and more in the news—for firming, stimulating, and smoothing the complexion. Among the newest: Revlon's "Build-up," which dries quickly, holds the face firmly, leaves a lingering, braced feeling long after it is removed. Frances Denney "Viva Super Masque," a rousing formula containing "Viva" cream and vitamins. And Charles of the Ritz "Revenescence Cream Masque."

Vogue's Beauty Chart

MAKE-UP

Basic care

Lipstick is certainly the most universally used make-up; is usually considered the most important. Lipsticks are made in many types of formulas: shiny or matte; made to last a few hours or twenty-four; in hard or soft consistencies—it's your choice. Lipstick is most flawlessly applied by using a fine sable brush, and making the outline of the mouth after the complexion has been powdered.

Face Powder is the second most universally used make-up. Loose powder needs a base or foundation. It is patted generously all over the neck and face (with a soft puff or a generous amount of cotton), and the excess then brushed away.
• *Many women prefer pressed or compact powders (most of these have a light, built-in foundation).*

Foundations are usually chosen according to the amount of masquing the skin needs (by masquing we do not mean to cover imperfections—sometimes a woman merely wants a different colour, or, to have, temporarily, a different skin texture). All foundations are made to be powder bases—but some of the heavier varieties are used without powder.
• *The lightest foundations are milky lotions (which are usually untinted) and sheer creams.*
• *Most coverage and colour is given by the pancake type of foundation (applied with a damp sponge and water).*
• *Very popular are the liquid oil-and-powder foundations which give cover, colour, and luminosity to the skin. There are also cream-and-powder foundations which come in solid form, are light versions of grease paint.*

Rouge. Rouge is not a basic cosmetic for many women—but women who need it need it always. A rouge colour should be chosen to match the natural blood tone of the cheeks; is blended lightly over a large area.

Eyes. We believe that every woman should wear some eye make-up when dressed for the city, or, when dressed for the evening anywhere. Eye make-up is especially essential for the fair. The classic eye make-up is eye shadow to match the iris of the eye. This is touched lightly behind the lashes. Eyebrow pencil (black for brunettes, brown for the fair). And mascara—either black or brown.

News

Lipsticks. This summer there are two extremes in lipstick colour: coral and violet. The fashion colours, in between, are brilliant pinks and corals, and the light clear reds. Almost vanished: the pastels and unclear, dark colours.
Face Powder. There are new face powders with interesting extra values. Among these: Helena Rubinstein's "English Complexion Powder" (contains pulverized silk fibres); Germaine Monteil's "Superglow" (containing "Lumium," a light-reflector—to tone down shadows); Elizabeth Arden's "Invisible Veil," which has been made with a process giving the powder more cling and a truer colour; Revlon's "Touch-and-Glow" (which contains a refined form of lanolin).
Foundations. There are foundations now made with hormones—to give the face a continuing treatment (Germaine Monteil's "Anatome").
• There is a new group of products which might be called "foundations for foundations." These would include: light-reflecting creams which help to eliminate shadows and hollows—the first of these was "Ayermagic"; lotions with a PH factor are now often put under foundations to preserve the acid-alkaline balance; heavy make-ups benefit from a moisturizing-cream base.
• There is a new foundation which maintains a true colour in any light, real or artificial: Frances Denney "Viva Fluid Make-Up."
Rouge. The newest rouges are liquid, and are made in natural cheek colours. Since rouge is the only make-up which must look "natural" this makes more sense than matching a rouge to a lipstick, which is a fashion accessory, making no attempt to be natural. The new liquid rouges are easily applied and much easier to correct.
Eyes. The new outline for the eyes: an arc drawn from the inner corner of the eye to the outer corner of the eye, circling the eyeball. This is then filled in with shadow.
• Eye shadows are now being used in combinations of two or three colours. And often the colour is overlaid with theatrical white, or with a colourless pearly sheen. Interesting new shadow colours: pure yellow, and 22-K gold (Elizabeth Arden); and a sharp turquoise (Estée Lauder). When several shadows are used, it is easier to apply them with a lipstick brush. (Martha Lorraine makes excellent sable brushes.)
• Evening trick: to give the eyes a larger area of intense colour, lightly tip the eye shadow tone over the brows and lashes.

FIGURE

Basic care

Posture. Certainly correct posture is the basis of basic figure care. Holding the figure correctly actually contracts the size of the figure, making it slimmer. It also helps to eliminate fatty deposits at the back of the neck, around the hips, and on the legs.

● *This is the generally accepted standard for good posture in a standing position: feet slightly apart, weight on the balls of the feet, muscles of the thighs contracted, the buttocks tucked under, chest cage raised, shoulders rolled back, arms hanging loosely at the sides, neck erect on the shoulders, chin at right angles to the neck.*

● *As much as possible, this posture should be maintained in sitting and walking. Often, however, a certain carriage which gives an individual style to walking lends the figure extra grace without destroying the basic good-posture rules.*

Flexibility. The beautiful figure must be flexible, supple, graceful. Ward against falling into rigid habits of movement. Keep the body so flexible that you can at any moment reach without leaning, sway without losing balance, pick a pin off the floor without bending the knees, or be able to bend the knees without cracking the joints.

● *Exercise sounds grim . . . so often isn't. A simple, easy group of exercises should be followed faithfully, daily (exercise always seems pleasanter, less effort when done to music). Exercise should not be thought of entirely as a formal series of specific movements. Walking, for instance, is good exercise and to most people pleasurable. Dancing is superb exercise (even in a night club). Outdoor sports—of course.*

Weight. Extreme overweight and underweight are not attractive—but the standards of these vary with the times. Certainly everyone has a weight which is most healthy, comfortable, and normal for her bone structure. If there is doubt as to what this means in pounds, consult your physician.

Body Care. Massage helps the body circulation, helps to keep the figure relaxed, helps to keep the muscles in tone.

● *There are many excellent body lotions to keep the skin smooth and supple. Excellent depilatories (and even a woman's electric razor) to remove unwanted hair.*

News

Posture and Flexibility. These subjects are covered thoroughly in a book called, *Look Better, Feel Better*, by Dr. Bess M. Mensendieck. Nicholas Kounovsky, who has an excellent salon for exercise in New York, has also published a book on his system of proper body movement, which is easy to follow at home.

• The salons of Elizabeth Arden and Helena Rubinstein (which are dotted all over the country) give excellent private and class instruction in posture and exercise.

• The Stauffer System has been developed for people who want better posture and more exercise but who do not want to work at it. The nucleus of their treatments is a table with several movable sections which oscillate in a rhythmic and specific way. There are many Stauffer Salons across the country—and Stauffer also makes a home table for people who can not get to the salon. The circulation is stimulated, posture helped, and fatty deposits are helped to disappear—while lying passive.

Weight. The newest diet is the *low protein* diet recently published by the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research (see Vogue March 15 issue).

• Also interesting is the new theory that some sugar in the diet helps to decrease the appetite, makes it easier to stay on a strict diet (sugar: only 18 calories in a teaspoon).

• Most new diets include a nutritive breakfast to maintain morning efficiency, and to make a light diet lunch seem more satisfying.

• Non-fat dry milks (only 86 calories per cupful) are highly nutritive and satisfying between or with meals. These mix instantly, are delicious.

• Dietetic foods increase in variety and flavour—now include low-calorie salad dressings and *candy*.

Body care. If professional massage is impossible, there are many electrical suction-cup hand massagers for home use. There is also the Niagara cushion which vibrates electrically and can be placed wherever the massage is specifically needed.

• Wax treatments, which encase the figure, are given in many salons, help to rid the body of surface impurities. Steam baths and Scotch Hose treatments are also salon specialities—helping to tone the body.





For strong sunlight: strong cuts of white



Pretty forceful—the fashion for summer, in white. It's blazing away in every beach collection, cut with great new character, in fabrics that can take a decided line and hold it with aplomb—strong-bodied cottons, sailcloths, piqués. Here, white flashes from Acapulco, Mexico (we began our report on 1955 beach dressing from there in May 1 Vogue); the scene here and on the following two pages is the house of Mr. and Mrs. William Clyde. *Facing page:* Slacks-and-shirt look, strong on—and in—white. Slacks of Wellington Sears sailcloth, $6. Pima cotton shirt, $6. By White Stag at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Dayton's; Thalhimers. The sandals are by Clix. *Right, above:* In white wide-wale piqué, a camisole-cut overblouse and shorts that could combine beautifully with the bright separates in a week-end wardrobe. The shorts, $15; top, $18. Both by Jane Derby. Henri Bendel. *Right, centre:* Mechanic's overall—stopping high on the thigh. In white Wamsutta Lustercale with a piece of twisted wire for a belt (and for a finishing touch to the mechanic theme). By Claire McCardell, $24. Bonwit Teller. *Directly right:* Beach middy of white Wellington Sears Sanforized sailcloth, $11; blue and white striped shorts, $12; a navy-blue jersey cotton shirt, $7. All, beautifully cut by Glen of Michigan. Lord & Taylor; Montaldo's.



RAWLINGS



Beach news in white: trench coats, shirts

This page: Hit of his collection, Brigance of Sportsmaker's brief trench coat—sharply belted cover for bathing suits, in white twill. Of Galey & Lord cotton, about $20. *Right:* Overshirt collared on a grand scale. Of white sailcloth, about $12; striped sailcloth play-suit, about $10. Both in Wellington Sears fabrics, by Masket Bros. *All:* Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus; Joseph Magnin. Ingber bag (right), Lord & Taylor.

RAWLINGS



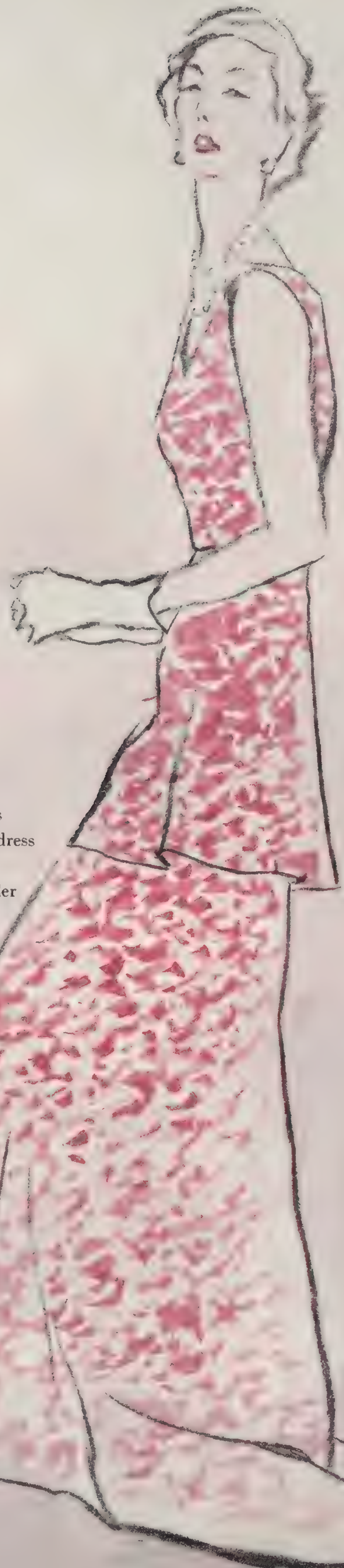


Day news
from Mainbocher:
read in rose

Eric

This gentle rosiness: putting a bloom on everything
from sweaters to evening dresses in Mainbocher's summer collection.
And once again, he offers this wonderful object lesson—
that simplicity, absolute correctness,
and the most private kind of elegance
go hand in hand with the best of fashion news.
This page: A strong rose-pink print with a full-blown skirt—
the pink cashmere sweater is lined and rimmed
with the silk shantung of the dress.
Facing page: Deep rose-red silk shantung with white dots.
A perfect country lunch look,
this would also go beautifully all
day under the little
flyaway batiste jacket
for a city life
that's not too public.





Mainbocher evening roses

Facing page: One of the most desirable dresses a woman could own this year: the evening dress that's manageably narrow, yet implies the formality of a big ball dress. The slender ball gown is fashion news this summer—at Mainbocher, as always, the news is spoken in a murmur. The rose-white slenderness here, with a dancing fullness of pleats at one side, is of sari silk—with something of the sari in its cut.

This page: The tunic line at Mainbocher (and the newest development of his long line of long-bodied dresses), here in its summer dinner-and-evening proportions—of silk shantung flowered with rose.



AT AMALFI: COUNTESS ATTOLICO DI ADELFIA, VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN



AT CAGLIARI, IN SARDINIA: MR. AND MRS. JOHN RUSSELL

THE MEDITERRANEAN LOOK

Wild, rugged, and beautiful, Sardinia is one of the untrampled, unpublicized Mediterranean islands now known delightfully as "the Ulysses Circuit." Recently, Mr. and Mrs. John Russell (above) enjoyed an away-from-it-all holiday there. (Mr. Russell is Director-General of the British Information Services in New York—Mrs. Russell a dark, spirited Greek-born beauty.) They stayed in an *albergo* perched on a mountaintop above Iglesias; motored down in their American car to swim on deserted white-sand beaches; explored the strange, conical prehistoric stone structures called *nuraghi;* and in Cagliari, saw the Roman amphitheatre, the Pisan watchtowers, the Museum with its extraordinary proto-Sard bronzes.

In Amalfi, one of the cluster of tiny, jewel-like resort villages on the Italian coast below Naples, the cool, marble-floored houses hang directly over the grape-blue sea, the glorious view of bay, islands, and headlands. On the opposite page, two young guests at the Villa Smeraldina; standing, Viscountess Hambleden, the former Countess Maria Carmela Attolico di Adelfia; sitting next to her, her sister-in-law, the beautiful young Countess Attolico di Adelfia, who was the Princess Alberica Trivulzio, of Milan. She and her husband live in Paris, where Count Attolico is with NATO. Lord and Lady Hambleden, whose wedding in Rome this spring was an event of international interest, live now in London.

CECIL BEATON



Mrs. Norman Chandler, vice-president of the Southern California Symphony Association, here with Danny Kaye.

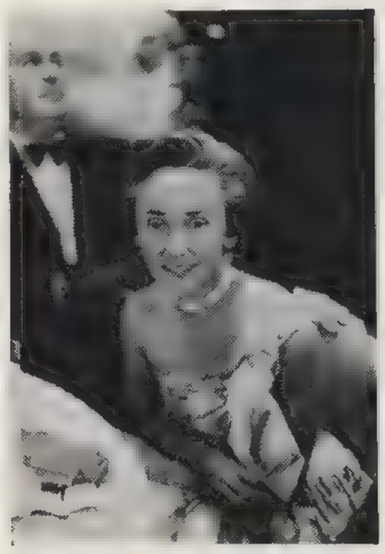
WILLOUGHBY



One of the evening's attractions: the showing of Paris fashions imported by I. Magnin. Watching from a front-row seat: Mr. Edward Carter, new president of the Southern California Symphony Association.



Dinah Shore, singing for the guests.



Mrs. Leonard Firestone; at her right, Mr. Gene Markey.



Mrs. Hector Escobosa; Prince Poniatowski; the Irish designer, Sybil Connolly; Mr. Hector Escobosa.



Mrs. Courtlandt Gross, one of the party's honorary hostesses.



Mrs. Louis B. Mayer and party guest, Irene Dunne.

SYMPHONY BENEFIT IN LOS ANGELES

On this page, glimpses of one of the year's most successful benefits—the Eldorado Party, given this spring to raise money for the Southern California Symphony Association. This is how successful it was: it raised $400,000, free and clear; set a benefit-party record (not too surprising, in view of Los Angeles' famed civic spirit).



Talking to Hedda Hopper, Johnny Green, director of the party's entertainment.

Beauty spots from Paris

Facing page: From Dior, a beautiful illustration of organdie's news—thin black organdie woven with polka dots and fitted severely over blue taffeta. Long-bodiced, long-sleeved, a dress for the biggest and prettiest evenings of the summer. The lipstick, Dior's lustrous "No. 33."

PHOTOGRAPHED BY KAREN RADKAI AT JANSEN, IN PARIS





VENICE

A CHARACTER READING

By Jean Giono

The silence of Venice, never palling, can be a source of delight for a whole lifetime—and no commonplace delight. Still, it has the quality of the great silences: the silences of desert and sea.

We are forewarned of the *vaporetto's* arrival by a panting sound. At its approach the pontoon where we are waiting heaves underfoot as if we were on the open sea. Getting aboard is easier than boarding a bus anywhere else, but immediately afterward the boat, for all its smallness, *is* a boat, with all the usual dismal solemnity.

Yes, in embarking upon a ten-yard stretch of water barely four feet deep, we are flirting with disaster. You realize that you are upon a substance that bears weight only by artifice; this is no longer the paved street that never swallows things up—except at the devil's intervention, and that is very rare. If you don't understand what I mean, watch the young lovers of Venice when they part after an evening together: the plumber's helper, the bricklayer, or the girl from the telegraph office. It is *Paul et Virginie*. It is death in the soul. One of them is in a boat, the other remains on the pier. You can truly speak of "consternation painted on a face." There is never this end-of-everything feeling in Paris or in London, no place on dry land where one isn't aware that as a last resort, mechanical means failing, one can always run and catch up with the loved one. Here, all throughout the day, a hundred such *definitive* little separations occur. It is a source of melancholy to everyone. Fearing ridicule, they attribute it to the air from the lagoons.

It is wrong to blame bad air. But if the spirit rejects vivid sensations of delight or joy, takes pleasure in reverie, in vague meditation, and is charmed by devoting itself to thoughts of tenderness, that is because here it feels that it has reached the end of its avatars.

You must see the Piazza San Marco late at night when Florian's orchestra has packed up and gone. There will be no objection if you linger on the café terrace until three or four in the morning; the waiter understands; he himself profits by it. If you have the least bit of the Venetian look—the look of a sponge at the bottom of the sea (and it is quickly acquired) he will come and sit with you. You can talk to him as to no other man. Syntax no longer exists, for this is a time not for pretense but for mutual confession in order to start equal in the full exercise of the faculty of appreciating the world. I have noticed that there are no verbs in these conversations. The wind that drones in the tiny chamber of the bell-tower is called "Constantinople"—and that suffices.

It is generally about this time that a quantity of water wells up from the foundations of the church. You see it issue from the vestibule. It forms a lake, sometimes more than a foot deep, and may spread out so wide that plank bridges more than twenty yards long must be laid across it. I have been told that it is fresh water and comes not from the sea but from that part of the church called *Luogo Segreto* or *Tribunale*. You see it creep forward. You have the impression of being in a world that has foundered and is beginning to leak everywhere; that the bridge has been inundated and shipwreck is not far off. I patterned my attitude after the waiter's. (Here, more than anywhere else, you must be very careful not to get yourself laughed at.) The impression of universal shipwreck, when that black water crawls across the deserted Piazza San Marco at three o'clock in the morning, is very compelling. It seems imperative to put your feet up on the rungs of the chair opposite. The water, which some say is a sign of a high east wind in the Adriatic, is called *Tribunale* by my waiter. According to him it comes from the altar which the Doge Ordelafo Faliero and Prince Pietro Zani adorned, and which Andrea Dandalo later encrusted with heavy gold, with rubies, diamonds, emeralds, and pearls. "But it does not happen except on solemn occasions," says he. Then he explains that the altar "works by itself," without the aid of priests. This black water that crawls upon the Piazza San Marco, drowning it little by little, is a manifestation that ought not to be ignored. All this,

JEAN GIONO *(opposite), a pale-eyed man of sixty, elected last winter to France's Académie Goncourt, at his house in Provence. Spread out before him in this photograph are four sheets of tightly written manuscript, his self-imposed quota for each day. For most of the year Giono lives in an 1890 villa near the walled village of Manosque. His birthplace, it is also the setting for his 1930 primitivist novel,* Harvest, *for* Jean le Bleu—*which later became the durable, well-salted movie,* The Baker's Wife—*and for* The Horseman on the Roof, *published here last year. There visitors come upon him sometimes reading aloud, in his Pied Piper voice to the peasants of Provence, bits from his own new work or from the poetry of Walt Whitman, whom, with Stendhal, Herman Melville, and—since* The Loved One—*Evelyn Waugh, he counts as the mainstays of his isolated library. In this excerpt from his recent book,* Voyage en Italie, *Giono sets down with lingering irony, with quick sensitivity, his Venetian observations. "For him," someone once remarked, "everything is new; yet he knows everything."*

VENICE *continued*

including proper names, was told me in a level voice whose tone never rose, and in very few words. It was I who put in the verbs and made sentences.

There is nothing finer, the waiter tells me, than a leisurely walk on an autumn day from the Malibran Theatre to San Marco. Rain, in Venice, is a delight. Only foreigners believe in sunshine. Rain brings out the smell of the houses. My waiter knows of cupboards full of doublets, cloaks, caps, and swords. He could show me—if we had the time tomorrow, he and I (but we haven't the time)—great rooms where the windows are never opened any more, and where poster beds riddled with worms and termites have become fragile as sand castles. The air of Venice is not salty, it contains algae; that is what gives it the power of softening things (so says my waiter). You can't *see* Venice. When we get rain from the Grecian Isles the city takes on its odour. A hundred years ago pepper and cinnamon bark used to be stored in some of the rooms. The palaces, with their huge array of rooms and staircases, were inhabited by two or three persons. Men went to Albania and came back with Turkish pantaloons. The women sprinkled cloves in their linen presses. Making love to them was like eating spiced beef stew. There were pale young girls who never went out of the house. Unlike Mohammedan recluses, the prisoners of Venice didn't get fat. There are a thousand recollections of titled ladies still slender after thirty years of complete seclusion in vast palaces. They scented themselves with musk and ate sugar candy.

This is a spot where the Orient of the Turks and Mongols blends extensively with Europe. You can get the most fantastic pastries. The palm of your left hand serves as your plate. There is none of the nuisance of having the leg of a ridiculous little table between your knees, or being served and judged by a chlorotic pastry cook whose stomach is obviously turned by puff paste or Chantilly. You eat in the street, walking. Anyone who has never seen a native Venetian bite into a *schiapetto* (a conglomeration of fried pastry, *rahat-loukoum*, and whipped cream) while sauntering along the Corso Larga will never know what it is to shake off the childish and decorous pomp of living. This is going straight to the essential, without a thought of what-will-people-say. You understand that these people must be hard-shelled, even on the subject of Mass. There is no pleasure of the flesh, catalogued or not, that they haven't the simple courage to indulge in, right on the street and in broad daylight if need be. Hence a sort of delicious and constant trepidation—the categorical opposite of boredom.

The position of this city, surrounded by water and paved with water, makes it the only place in the world where one can wear black indefinitely and where the black stays immaculate. Trousers, shirt, and sandals, all of the purest black: there's an admirable costume. Nothing is more cheerful. There is also a kind of black hat, varnished straw with a shallow crown and wide brim, enlivened by a tiny braid of green ribbon that hangs down behind like a pigtail. You go anywhere dressed like this. As there is never any dust, nothing could be more economical than black. The women wear coloured skirts and often a bright yellow scarf around their shoulders. A black-clad man in search of adventure is a fine thing to see.

The morals of Venice are those of a southern city and one where, in addition, everything is provisory, even the positive. The churches are cool places where it is quite natural to be entirely at ease. You see the sacristan going from couple to couple: he is looking for his "good hands." Sometimes there are *habitués* who attend and, for the sake of the general tranquillity, voluntarily assume attitudes of the noblest devotion.

It should be mentioned that certain altars where relics are displayed in gold-fringed splendour embellished with shells distil a sinister horror. These wasted limbs, some of them covered with mould, can only incite toward cremation. The remains of jawbones, feet, fingers—even a heart in its jar like a frog—make earth seem a paradise one must hasten to enjoy to the full before being driven from it, but they also exact submission to certain pretenses.

The one thing that they are all very proud of and boast about, even the women, is virility. All curses, all insults make mention of it. They wield it as Zeus wielded his thunder. It is what insures their superiority, guides them to their objectives, avenges them. They are very disconcerted, almost to the point of tears, if you fail to tremble before it. This they will never understand. It must be admitted that their ostentation works wonders with the ladies. The weaker sex is so astonished when you don't attack it in the manner it is accustomed to resisting that it makes no resistance to indifference. In a bank where I was changing some money I encountered a very lovely Venetian woman whom I was forced to look at. She literally dusted me off with her long eyelashes for a full minute. No personal glory in this; it was simply that she saw me absorbed in arithmetic, and *in her presence*, which she could not understand.

Many young girls in Venice are anæmic. They go to the slaughterhouse to drink warm beef blood. You meet them in the morning, always very nicely dressed. In their handbags they have a glass, or a silver cup engraved with their initials. It is good form to present such a cup to the daughter of the house if you think she looks pale. They wait beside the steer while it is stunned, but without lining up the way they would quickly form the habit of doing in England. The butcher's boy pricks the artery and the stream starts to flow, often quite swiftly. One has to be very agile to fill the glass without getting splashed. Novices who haven't acquired the art are accompanied by their mothers. One must drink immediately, in one gulp, and then place a grain of coarse salt on the tongue. This medication, it seems, works wonders. The glass of blood itself costs twenty-five lire, plus whatever one drops into the box the butcher's boy shakes under the ladies' noses before wielding his knife.

Generosity still exists in Venice. It is impossible to tell who is rich and who is not. The wealth of the churches is very consistently related to the fishermen and Arsenal employees. Now there is nothing terrifying about the storms on the lagoon, so it is out of pure vainglory that they give, and give handsomely. There are no beggars; everybody begs. For introducing you to a glass blower, a marquis whose name is inscribed in the "Golden Book" receives his commission and, if necessary, demands it. This, now, and the "Golden Book" was closed in 1370. I saw a woman of the working class bring a piece of brocade to the sacristan of San Giorgio degli Schiavone. Later on, the people who were with me showed me the shop where she had bought it. There was no doubt: we had the material shown to us. It came from a very handsome fifteenth-century ceremonial cloak which they were doling out with scissors. It was to embellish the statue of Saint George who, for some unknown reason, is much beloved among the populace, and nothing is too fine for him. The merchant told us that he got three times as much money this way as he would by selling the whole cloak to some wealthy collector. It is not uncommon to see fruits and flower-shaped bottles of wine offered to the saints even when it is not a saint's day. The beadles and priests leave these offerings at the feet of the statues for at least a day.

Nobody plays politics—openly, at least; and what is played undercover is so complicated that it isn't politics any more. This is because there are no labourers in the city, only artisans, and if they are good at their trade they consider them-

selves the equal of any Rothschild, and happier. And here, naturally, lies the source of widespread generosity. To art, nothing counts but art. They see to it that they get paid, to be sure, but they will always prefer a fine gesture that confers distinction to money. It is not, you see, a question of ethics, but that so often, in Venice, good comes of evil. In any case, community life here is based on the fact that pride, the most frantic pride, comes first; and this effectively relieves more distress than a ton of democratic laws. Life among these proud people is easy as long as one has the sort of nature to fit in with their ways and a mind that leans toward humour. For their generosity is very subtle and places the utmost importance on not being taken seriously. They will kill or be killed to confirm the superiority of their sex, their position, their passion, or art—in none of which do they really believe. This absence of belief is the freshest air a man and woman can breathe now. It has a gaiety that leads to frivolity. And so they frivol. This is the last canton of old Europe where people are still frivolous. Of course here as everywhere there are some of Cromwell's cavalry, but they are obliged to follow the fiddles. a hilarious spectacle. Deep night in broad daylight.

While we are on the subject of customs and passions, let's note some of the little indicative details. For instance, I have noticed on the sweaters worn by Arsenal employees, sailors, and workingmen in general, a small pocket or, more exactly, a little sheath the size of a finger and placed quite low. It is also added to the two classic gussets of the businessman's vest, and I have seen it on a polo shirt in the window of a luxury shop. It is for carrying a small leaden Saint Anthony of Padua which is kept always on one's person. The saint, three inches long, must be carried upright and *at the height of the liver*. All the newspapers that specialize in patterns, in knitting instructions, take this practice into account—but only the ones published in Venice. Women of all classes carry a Saint Anthony in their purses. He is not there for the purpose of recovering lost articles. He presides over the choices one is constantly having to make in life. You see women in the street suddenly clap their purses to the region of their livers. It isn't a stomach-ache or a stitch in the side. They are telling Saint Anthony of Padua: "It's up to you to decide, my pet." Then they are not responsible for the sin that will follow. It has been ratified by a small leaden pilot who is, in addition, a reputable saint. It is perhaps not as neat as Pascal but it is much more effective as far as the conquest of happiness goes—and one is *minding God*.

"The proof that I believe in God is that I trust in Providence." There is a highly Venetian concept. In this town, with ten feet of water at every doorstep, the children are left perfectly free to do as they please. You see troops of them going very seriously about some unknown business of their own. I am told that they don't often get drowned. Anyway, the belief is that they have all the passions of adults and are already inscribed in the book of destiny. No one believes, as they do elsewhere, that it takes twenty years to make a man; they say that he is made instantly. Nowhere have I seen ecstatic mothers here; they regard their children as they regard their husbands and men (and women) in general, with an eye that has nothing left to learn. Hence a total absence of hypocrisy in all emotions; in that respect one is never dependent upon a fool, male or female. This lends a great deal of gaiety to the atmosphere of the streets.

It is a mistake to make several engagements for the same day. Getting from one place to another is accomplished on foot in a labyrinth or gliding slowly over a strip of water. The gondolier is no taxi driver; frequently he has to put you down some hundred and fifty yards from your destination, and once you have set foot on land he is done with you. Not that there is the least ill will about it: he just doesn't know. The worst of it is, nobody knows. If you must get to a certain place, if you do not know the way and particularly if you ask directions, a hundred and fifty yards will take you a good hour.

Arriving late anywhere, you are instantly punished. The people waiting for you wear such a look of contentment and peace that you have the annoying impression of having arrived not merely late, but too late, and having missed the best part. If the person is someone close to your heart, this is not an amusing sensation. The source of the contentment and peace is that even the most ardent spirits have fallen asleep while waiting for you. It does not take long to become aware of this, which—even with the most elastic sensibilities—doesn't improve matters. This is an ever-recurring source of misunderstanding, and one that sheds a cruel light over certain Venetian afternoons. Now if you arrive on time, on the other hand, this is one of the few places in the world where it is permissible to rejoice in sentiment. Friendship, for instance (once it has aged a few years), is a sacrament, is indissoluble. A hundred tragedies could be written entitled *Venetian Friends*. It is what most hampers modern politics. I saw a militant driven almost to distraction. He forced himself to yield everything to the necessity of being on time at the place where his sentiments were.

In the Merceria the other morning I was astonished by the admiring glances sent my way. There were even some very clear declarations of love. I wondered what was happening to me. It took me quite a while to understand. It turned out to be something that would have caused laughter anywhere else. Two paces in front of me was a policeman resplendent in busby and red cockade who strode nobly along swinging a purple cape. Mechanically I had fallen into step with him, and it looked as if he were my footman charged with clearing a way through the crowd. The people believed that he was, and a very correct old gentleman saluted me. I kept up the jest as far as the Banca d'Italia where I pretended to have business inside. I have told this story and been complimented upon my deceitfulness. It would have been discourteous to disillusion too abruptly the people who, as I was told, had fallen for it.

One must constantly employ the utmost refinement of civilization: that is, the lie. The mere fact of walking at measured stride behind a uniformed policeman was enough to invest me with an extraordinary career. The annoying thing is, these people interpret silence, too, and the absence of policemen.

Venice is a place where one savours the tangible realities. Where so much takes place on water, it is impossible to believe in victory over death. The flat waters, the whiteness of the light, the silence and the slowness with which everyone is obliged to move confirm the existence of a beyond where midnight leaves-of-absence are not granted. One puts one's faith in what exists. Constant practice sharpens the ability to enjoy it down to its slightest details.

Nothing is more propitious than an after-season evening, when the appetites of summer are sated and a wind from Hungary roils the lagoon, for a stroll beside those shallow waters that the waves lay open down to the bottom ooze. Venice must be the one place in the world where one can indefinitely renew one's desires. If you believe only in the baldness of historical fact, this spot was chosen for a city by people who wanted to defend themselves easily; I believe rather that they wanted to be constantly attacked. The sea here has that strong smell that emanates from all victories and makes them coveted. I became curious about statistics. At the risk of disappointing the romantics I am obliged to say that there are no suicides in Venice. Those who come here with that intention must carry it out the night they arrive; tomorrow is too late. As for native Venetians, the only question for them is choosing among a hundred thousand ways of living. I marvel at people who put their faith in historic materiality; it is made of impalpable stuff, unrelated to the visible realities. The Venetians *(Continued on page 100)*





Smart summer thinking: the thin silks

Think ahead: it's hot, it's time to go out, it's a day for deep-city dressing. One of the nicest things you could find in the closet, in our opinion—one of the new spindrift silks, airily cut, with that nice built-in slippery feeling that never feels so welcome as when everything else sticks, even the ice trays. *Facing page:* Thin silk in a pillow-ticking print—beige stripes, pink rosebuds—in a shirt dress that's been stripped bare at the shoulders for summer. By Martha Manning, $18. Macy's. The straw hat, from John Frederics. Earrings: Hattie Carnegie. *Above:* Thin silk on the theory (and many women swear by it) that coolness needn't mean bareness. Instead, a loose, flowing, covering fit. The print's like a quick flick through a seed catalogue—a lovely miscellany of flowers on a white ground. By Clare Potter, $90. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin. Emme hat. *Right:* Silk chiffon cut for a late-day calendar—perfect for the apartment dinner, or party, where there's no air conditioner, or too many guests for any mechanism to cope with. Pink and white dots. By Larry Aldrich, $90. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's.



The thin cottons

The pale cotton that's light enough to float: perfect piece of fashion to have on hand for daylight weddings, afternoon parties. Above, white organdie with blue stripes, a shirt-dress cut. By Addie Masters, in Stoffel fabric; about $45. Dress, Castlecliff jewellery, and Crescendoe gloves, all at Bergdorf Goodman. Dress, also Neiman-Marcus; J. W. Robinson. John Frederics hat.

PRIGENT

A dress that takes poetic license with the new long-bodied line: carries it out in white batiste, ever so gently fitted and exactly right for a dress-up summer afternoon—when there's a wedding on the agenda, for instance. Dress designed by Jane Derby, about $145. At Henri Bendel; Hutzler's; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Pretty ideas: the shepherdess hat; the stone-white jewellery.







This summer, the daily shirt dress

Facing page: The country-life cotton shirt dress, white as white, and as wearable a dress as you're likely to come across in a mile of dress-hangers. By Renée Marciel, in Ameritex cotton broadcloth; about $30. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Best's Apparel. Mosell earrings, also at Saks Fifth Avenue. Lilly Daché hat. *Directly above:* Black and white checks on nylon-and-cotton. It's one of those dresses that makes the word "useful" seem as inadequate as it would be if applied to a house—after all, you'll live in this dress, too. By Sir James, $23. Jay Thorpe; L. S. Ayres. Level-headed hat, Sally Victor. *Left, centre:* Leopard-skin colours, tawny-amber and black, and the summery feel of cotton—an all-day city shirt dress that will wear its way into your fashion-affections before a week is out. By Ruth Starling, $50. Franklin Simon; Himelhoch's. *Directly left:* Thin cotton, thin stripes, thin silhouette—and if you're thin, too, and lead a country life, this "dress" will lead you a pretty one. In white with orange; by Alix of Miami. Shirt, $7. Skirt, $10. Lord & Taylor. Hamper: Brett Winston.



PRIGENT





This summer, this many dots



Facing page: Practically a neatness insurance policy on a really hot summer's day in the city (although it could go to the country, too)—this arrangement of red polka dots on white cotton. By Tabak of California, in cotton by Everfast made crease-resistant by Everglaze. The top, $10; skirt, $11. Bloomingdale's; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Bullock's, L. A. Bag, Richelieu earrings: Bloomingdale's. *Above:* A town cotton that keeps to a definitely slender silhouette but does it in a fairly unconfining manner and in a crisp fabric—McBratney Irish linen dotted red and navy blue on white. By Sportwhirl, about $23. Altman's; Joseph Magnin. *Right:* Fit at the shoulders and a belt to contour the waist—the sort of airy hang of pleats that a woman can get to depend on almost *too* much in warm weather. This one's Dacron (white with blue), and an all-day dress, properly hatted and gloved, or a fine little-restaurant dinner dress, as shown. By Nantucket Naturals, about $40. Bonwit Teller. Collection of gilt arm-bangles, from Lilly Daché.





This summer, checks in new amounts

Facing page: So many neat red checks that a wrinkle hides itself—secret of this fashion's summer freshness. It's for all day, town or township, and there's a jacket (at hand). By M. Nadler, in French gingham; $70. Rosette Pennington; Julius Garfinckel; Lockharts. Gilt bamboo necklace: Lilly Daché. Schaffer belt: Rosette Pennington. *Above:* Windowpane checks and a cut that's airy as a wide-open window. A dress a bit too informal for big cities, but for small ones and the country, it's a summer treasure. By Serbin, in cotton broadcloth (navy blue, red, yellow, white); about $15. Best's. Cool, dark shadow here: Lilly Daché hat. *Left:* Neat little figure of a summer suit—in a thin black-grey-and-white checked cotton. Wonderful for commuting, but if you're only going as far as the museum-committee meeting, it's one of the most freshly tailored ways to get there. By De De Johnson, $50. Saks Fifth Ave.; Frederick & Nelson. All furniture photographed, pages 54 to 63: by Dunbar.

PRIGENT







Summer week-end transportation:

the luggage, the shoes

One of the easiest ways for clothes to travel to the country, the beach: under canvas. Here, lightweight canvas luggage that doesn't weigh you down, doesn't crush (it's built on aluminum frames). Farthest left, there's a 5″-deep "hat box" ($33*); fine for assorted sports clothes, or it could be your second suitcase, mainly for shoes or for one very bouffant evening dress.
The hat box that's open (awaiting hats or a week end's worth of sweaters, shorts, night clothes), $15*.
The big suitcase at right (heaviest of these three, it weighs less than seven pounds), $37*.
All luggage: Navy-blue canvas trimmed with red, with Crown zipper closings. By Lark. Saks Fifth Avenue.
The shoes here: Perfect country and beach transportation—low- or no-heeled play shoes.
Farthest left, a blue chambray shoe fringed with leather. By Daniel Green, $5.50. Stern's.
The pair in the middle, suèded calfskin, bright brick-red. By I. Miller, $17.
On the suitcase, beige kidskin and leather; by Mademoiselle, $15. Lord & Taylor.
The pair in hand are soft white kidskin, by Gustave, $7. Bloomingdale's.
The lady doing her packing wears oyster beige leather sandals. By Joyce, $9. Bonwit Teller.
Her grey Bermuda shorts—the fine cut and the flannel it's cut from, both by Pendleton, $15. Abercrombie & Fitch. White silk broadcloth shirt, tailored for a woman by a practiced man's shirtmaker, Alfred of New York, $13.
This, the Echo scarfs: Bloomingdale's.

*PLUS TAX

KAREN RADKAI

1955 shoes—
age of specialization

If you reach in your shoe closet for a pair of daily stand-bys with your fashion eyes shut, it's time to take a new look at shoe life. (We're as much against thinking of shoes as old friends as we are against thinking of friends as old shoes.) Consider the new printed leathers, the colour-fast soles, the new construction of sandals, the talent that's livening suit shoes. The idea: shoes that do more than cover your feet smartly; that cover specific fashion-situations beautifully (and not a single pair trying to outdo General Motors as a means of transportation).

A woman who owned the tortoise-shell opera pumps at right might wear them with a black crêpe dress, a white piqué suit, a lunch dress of brown, yellow, or beige linen—and that's about all the fashion mileage she'd try for. The same woman might limit red calfskin city spectator pumps to black linens—that's where they'd do the most. In this same wardrobe, there might be black calfskin dressmaker pumps with leather lacing bows, bought just for thin wools, jerseys. And brown grained leather suit shoes with a thin instep strap, specializing in suits of grey or the naturals (shantung, thin wool, pongee), or a brown checked travelling dress and a charcoal cotton dress—and that's all the mileage expected there.

A wardrobe of city evening shoes might consist of blue-and-black brocade opera pumps (best with stiff fabrics—a black taffeta dinner dress), bare beige satin sandals (under floating beige chiffon, beige and white prints), slender black opera pumps with stiletto heels, to use where a strong black accent's wanted (black and white prints, plaids; sharply-whitened black crêpe).

The nearest thing to basic in this city evening shoe wardrobe might be red satin opera pumps to wear with black, with floating pink chiffon, with a rose-flowered dancing dress.

The least basic: at-home shoes, naked silver thong sandals, limited to trousers—wonderful with black or red ones with a peony silk shirt.

A wardrobe of country shoes works on the same principle: radish-red linen opera pumps specializing in linens—pink, beige, blue. For vivid cottons and checks, white buckskin spectator shoes with brown heels, a brown fringed tongue.

There'd be flat white beach sandals—and they'd stay on sand. Heelless suède walking shoes—bright red or beige—for croquet, for grassy walks (with Bermuda shorts, a pink shirt). For country evenings at home, there might be beige-and-white kidskin backless sandals. And for country dancing, terrace parties: lavender and white kidskin sandals with lavender soles, to wear with pale-blue dimity or printed batiste.

1955 leathers—tortoise-shell prints and colours

Opposite: The newest leathers a shoe could wear—printed with plaids, stripes, textures in new tawny colours. Vogue predicted this change in January, showed printed upholstery leather April 15. Now: a tortoise-shell-printed opera pump, by Andrew Geller of Loewenstein calfskin, $24. Sampling the print news (starting clockwise at two o'clock), black-striped sepia aniline calfskin by Loewenstein. Grained black and herringboned brown, both Allied kidskin. Brown grained reptile by Fleming-Joffe. Black-plaided mustard Loewenstein calfskin. Brown lizard: Fleming-Joffe. Tan suède plaided pink and brown: Allied kidskin. Black lattice on brick calfskin: Loewenstein. Tan foulard-printed calfskin: American Hide and Leather. "Gilded Lily" stockings by Belle Sharmeer.

COFFIN



Beach beauties—made up with Vogue Patterns

VOGUE PATTERN 8598





VOGUE PATTERN 8606



VOGUE PATTERN 8576

Beach make-up here: colour, making a glorious splash against sand-white (or leafy-green, at non-beach resorts). The plans for making up these clothes: Vogue Patterns, with crisp, summery lines. *Facing page:* Beautifully groomed cotton broadcloth, the bodice neatened down by tucks. This country-afternoon dress: Vogue Pattern 8598. Belt by Calderon; white Crescendoe gloves. The beach-jewel colour: turquoise cotton by Springmaid. Chignon cap, a Glentex scarf. Dana's "Las Vegas" lipstick. *Directly above:* A shirtwaist dress made up to be a romantic beauty—lavender and white lawn (cotton by Everfast made crease-resistant by Everglaze). This, Vogue Pattern 8606. Shantung belt by Beltmart. Great shady hat: John Frederics. *Above, right:* Another beach jewel, a play suit of sea-blue. This, Vogue Pattern 8576, includes a skirt, so it makes a dress as well. Cotton by Fuller Fabrics. Kleinert's bag. *Directly right:* Practically a play-clothes wardrobe: Vogue Pattern 8618. There's a sleeveless shirt, a play suit underneath, and a skirt (not shown). Pink check gingham by Peter Pan.

For back views, sizes, and yardages, turn to page 102.

VOGUE PATTERN 8618



PHOTOGRAPHED BY PRIGENT AT THE HALF MOON HOTEL, MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA, B.W.I.





How to make yourself beautiful

This kind of airy summer-evening dressing: beauty information to apply to any of the following—terrace parties, little dances, dinners in a patio. Here and on the next four pages: dimities, chiffons, floating cottons made for a beauty and the makings of a would-be (if you can't entrance a room as a vision in white embroidered organdie, perhaps you aren't trying—try pages 27-37 again). *Facing page:* A dress that's airily skirted, lightly-sleeved, of a fabric (Bianchini cotton chiffon) printed with masses of sweet william. By Adele Simpson, $90. Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; Harzfeld's; D. H. Holmes. Cool jewellery arrangement: at the ears, at the wrists (La Tausca fake pearls: Saks Fifth Avenue). Coiffure, waved via Helene Curtis "Heavenly" permanent. *This page:* Extensive polka-dot collection—black on white Pacific cotton in hairpin pleats. Dress, by Kane Weill, about $40. At Peck & Peck; Frost Bros.; I. Magnin.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI



LEOMBRUNO-BODI



How to make yourself beautiful

Facing page: The sort of summer dress that's a spark to beauty, a foil for sun tan, a devastating whirl on the dance floor. It's of white cotton organdie, with yellow embroidery, sashed with yellow taffeta. By Will Steinman, about $95. At Best's; J. P. Allen; I. Magnin. Background, by McMillen. *Above, left:* Pink and white checked gingham, thoroughly romanticized—here, it's traced over with embroidery, scattered with rhinestones. Thought on a pretty evening wrap for this: raspberry-red linen. Dress, by David Hart, $45. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Famous-Barr. Pink capeskin envelope bag: also Saks Fifth Avenue. *Directly left:* A billowy short evening dress, creamy silk organdie with orange Paisley designs, and a neckline of orange velvet. By Miss Cane, about $45. At Franklin Simon; Bramson's; J. W. Robinson. Soft white leather evening bag by Ingber: Franklin Simon.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN



Junior-size evening cottons: beauty-makers





LEOMBRUNO-BODI



Lighting up the eyes of the beholders, these summer evening beauties—here, floating cotton fabrics, prettily bouffant. These dresses, available in junior sizes. *Above, far left:* The kind of summer evening dress that is probably in the history of every famous beauty—embroidered white organdie. By Lanz Originals, about $50. At Bonwit Teller; Neiman-Marcus. *Above, second:* Beauty in the romantic tradition—tucked white organdie, tied with blue satin and a rose. By Junior Formals, $70. At Best's; I. Magnin. *Above, third:* White ABC dimity—black, yellow, green dots. By Betse Cann, $35. Altman's; Montaldo's. Fan by Montague. *Directly above:* Making a beautiful impression—lace and a leaf overlay on palest blue and white organdie. This, by Junior Accent of a Guild cotton, $60. At Jay Thorpe; Woodward & Lothrop. *Below, far left:* Summer garden in silhouette: white organdie embroidered with black ferns. By Cotillion, $60. Best's; Famous-Barr; D. H. Holmes. The cotton gloves by Gant Madeleine: Best's. *Directly left:* Particularly pretty by Japanese lantern light, this. Pink-flowered dimity (ABC cotton) banded with lace. By Junior Sophisticates, $50. Bendel's Young-Timer's; Montaldo's; Sakowitz.



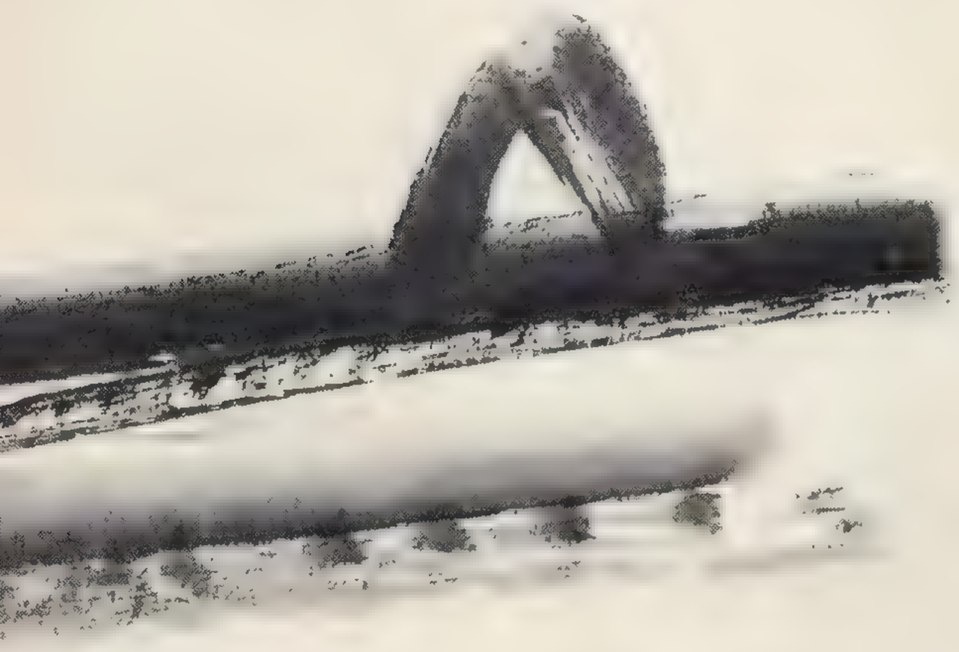
THE
KEAN SISTERS,
strutting, in *Ankles Aweigh*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Kean Sisters, rocketing their zany way through *Ankles Aweigh*, a souped-up, old-fashioned song and dance show. Nautical, basically, is the word for *Ankles*, but besides the old hard-tack gags of smuggling a girl on shipboard, sailors on shore leave—and in trouble, there is a new twist: making movies in Italy, with Jane Kean as the star, and Betty Kean as her stand-in. The "Eleven O'Clock" number in which the sisters are sketched above, top-hatted, has practically nothing to do with any of this, but gives the girls a chance to do a solid, off-to-Buffalo vaudeville routine, a cheerful schmaltz about all the performers everywhere singing their big numbers at eleven o'clock. And just about then, it's eleven o'clock.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Gwen Verdon, leggy and carrot-banged, the flip dazzler of the new baseball musical, *Damn Yankees.* A fast ball pitched by director George Abbott (than whom nobody in show business pitches faster), *Yankees* was adapted from the Douglass Wallop novel, *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant,* with music and lyrics by Adler and Ross. This same team was also responsible for last year's whizz, *Pajama Game.* Their new show swivels on a plumpish middle-aged real estate agent who options his soul to the Devil so the Washington Senators will win the Pennant—instead of, naturally, the Damn Yankees. For her big entrance, which happens in the ball club locker room, Gwen Verdon, on the Devil's side, wears the slow-curve costume in which René Bouché sketched her, and sings, in a *flambé* voice, "Whatever Lola Wants," one of those cat-and-mouse numbers with velvet paws; its point, "Lola gets . . . I'm irresist-ible, you fool."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The imminent General Election in England, and the Conservatives' tail-over-the-dashboard slogan, "An early vote and a smashing victory." . . . The pleasures of *3 for Tonight,* a show afflicted sometimes with what Percy Hammond called "fallen archness." . . . Do-it-yourself dinghies, which can be assembled in four week ends, cost about $75 for materials. . . . Wineskins, now being imported, but advertised primly as "leather beverage sacks." . . . Three new books about great actresses, which never explain satisfactorily their full-scale creative art: *Garbo,* by John Bainbridge, who digs out fact after gossipy fact, all curiously fleshless; *Memories,* by Ethel Barrymore, who is almost too reticent; and *Laurette,* the life of Laurette Taylor by her daughter, Marguerite Courtney, who isn't reticent enough—telling far too much of alcoholic difficulties, of private details that were far better left private.





GWEN
VERDON
in *Damn Yankees,*
singing "Whatever Lola Wants."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Stanley Kramer's colossal medical movie, *Not As a Stranger,* which has the effect of interminable clips from old Dr. Kildaire films or from TV's "Medic," with the additional hazard of pointing out that Olivia de Havilland, her hair a shining gold, her face young and beautifully made up, is somehow not really pretty enough for the dedicated and penniless doctor. . . . The Scopes trial of 1925, the subject of a new play, *Inherit the Wind,* with Paul Muni relishing, in the Dickens sense, the rolling theatrics of an attorney happily at law. . . . The positive approach to a negative situation, summed up by "You can't win, but you could lose."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . "Con Te!," the languishing Italian love-song, lusciously sung by Katyna Ranieri in the album, "*Girl on the Spanish Steps.*" . . . The calm, deep-cut skill of Elaine Stritch, Lou Polan, Anthony Ross, Phyllis Love, and Crahan Denton in *Bus Stop,* the Inge comedy in which twitching Kim Stanley and Albert Salmi as the leads give every muscle the full Stanislavski treatment. . . . "Automation." . . . The four-year-old girl who, asked why she played a console-model TV set with its doors closed, replied courteously, "I'm pretending it's a radio."

How to take

In studying the comedy of manners I feel that an act has been left out for most of us. In fact, no one but royalty receives any intensive training in how to accept compliments. The rest of us are left to stumble over our lines; we lack the wit to improvise suitable words and often simply look fatuous. This social grace, I maintain, should be taught at the same time we learn to say please, thank you, or the multiplication table. One day it may come in quite as handy as long division.

Recently, I have been giving some close attention to both human and animal acceptance of praise. All species appear to like it. My dog grins from ear to ear but sneezes in embarrassment; the cat looks complacent, while horses and cows swish an appreciative tail. None of these reactions appears to be a suitable model for human behaviour. When someone is kind enough to pay a compliment, the essential thing is to be pleased and show it. The rest is a variation on the theme almost as endless as the Beethoven "Diabelli Variations" and requires relatively as much practice to execute smoothly.

Beautiful women offer a wide and immediate example of how to receive flattery, and I found myself first taking mental notes on their technique. One friend of mine has had flattery laid on, not with a trowel as Mr. Disraeli recommended, but with a steam shovel, ever since she could walk. The other night at the opera she was standing in a pitiless blaze of light, dressed in jewels and a frock to take one's breath away. A well-turned-out and somewhat oversure young man said to her lightly in passing, "Angela, darling, don't you get tired of hearing people say, 'That's the beautiful Mrs. Brown.'?" "No," Angela replied in clear contralto tones, "I only get tired of hearing them say, 'Is *that* the beautiful Mrs. Brown?' "

But wit is not really necessary; just as effective were my friend's simple platitudes to the stranger who ran after her in the subway to say, a little breathless and confused at her own daring, "Please forgive me, but I must tell you how lovely you are. I think you are the most beautiful person I've ever seen." Angela turned a beaming smile upon her: "Oh thank you for saying so! You've made my day."

"Tell me, Angela," I once asked, "just when did this sort of thing begin in your life? To handle the kind of flattery you get day in and day out, without becoming downright insufferable, must take a bit of doing."

"Oh," she said, "there are so many days when I look like a cab accident, it keeps me on an even keel."

"You're not answering my question," I insisted. "Seriously, who taught you to take all this syrup?"

"Mother, father, and four brothers were always ready with a good squelch," she replied, settling down to facts. "One day when I was quite little, Mother took my hands and said, 'Angela, all your life people will tell you that you are good to look at, so you would be a foolish girl if you didn't know it. But you'd be the most foolish and stupid girl I know if you ever take any credit for it. It's just luck, like the colour of your eyes, or drawing the winning number at a fair, something to be thankful for.' And my father. I remember one time he took me out to lunch. I had on a new spring coat and hat I was very pleased with. He caught me looking at myself in the mirrors that practically walled us into our seats. 'Mirrors,' he said, 'are terrible eye-catchers; they almost yell at you to look their way. Don't let them play any of their tricks on you. When you pass one, or sit in front of one, no matter what it does to attract your attention, just snoot it; pretend you don't see it.' But there was nothing subtle about my brothers." Angela laughed. "One summer I'd been quite a belle at some holiday dances. I began to fancy myself and showed it, and those four boys really took me apart. I was so ashamed I cried half the night. . . . It was one of the best lessons I ever got." And so Angela learned to accept her appearance as naturally as she breathed, with absolute detachment.

The famous have to meet another kind of flattery, the unwavering attention from everyone around them, the concentrated gaze of crowds. They may have earned fame through long years of hard work; they may have been appointed or elected to some high position that brings them into universal focus; they may acquire celebrity vicariously by marrying someone famous or because their parents are in the public view. Royalty, of course, is born to be noticed, and receives endless, gruelling training to cope with flattery.

No one has ever handled the spotlight better than lovely, smiling Queen Mother Elizabeth. Although she was not brought up to be a queen, she was brought up to be a great lady and this she has always been, without vanity, without self-consciousness, with grace and simplicity. If her

FLATTERY

By Ernesta Barlow

daughters lack some of their mother's warm charm, they have learned never to look complacent, never to seem aware that every eye is on them or their most trite remark listened to with delighted attention. It is common knowledge that the young Queen Elizabeth took many a severe dressing down from her grandmother, Queen Mary. At the slightest sign of self-importance the little girl found Queen Mary's royal wrath blightingly articulate.

Perhaps Queen Mary should have founded a school for cinema stars, actors, and musical virtuosi. Many of them are greedy for praise and smug as crocodiles after a full meal when they get it. The greatest of them, however, the Toscaninis, the Fritz Kreislers, never lose their humility.

Recently one of my friends married a widower with an eighteen-year-old daughter. Her stepmother was troubled about the girl. "The child can't come into a room without making an entrance," Deborah said, "she practically tells everyone to notice her. What can I do about it without making her resent me?" I said I didn't know but she had better do it quickly.

A short time later I saw the girl at a party. She entered the room as unobtrusively as a summer breeze, accepted the universal greeting of the day, "Darling, you look *too* divine," for the convention it has become, and politely went to speak to her elders.

"Deborah, what words of magic did you say to her?" I asked my friend. Deborah laughed. "I told her," she said, "that she is a good actress—which she is—and I said I had a part I wanted her to play. It might take a good deal of rehearsing but I knew she could do it. The part to play was Nobody-sees-me when she came into the room. I said she was lovely and would grow more so, that she looked like a gardenia and was built like a Tanagra figurine. And, I said, everyone will like you a hundred times better if you learn to be unaware, never to call attention to yourself. She looked very solemn and said, 'Did you have to learn this too?' I said yes."

Public speaking is another thing that can be as heady as vintage Burgundy. There is no greater compliment than sympathetic audience reaction, knowing that you can hold an audience in rapt attention, make them laugh on cue, or cry. If you can make them cry you really begin to feel like Eleonora Duse. And then there is the eager crowding about one at the end of a speech. The orator who pontificates, the wit we catch anticipating applause, is accepting badly the recognition he may deserve. But we all warm to the speaker who receives praise with frank pleasure and gratitude, who says, "It's so very nice of you to tell me . . ." "Thank you, you give me confidence . . ." Compliments or praise honestly given can surely be received with the same sincerity, without skepticism. The skepticism should be saved for professional flatterers. These may be laughed off with, "It doesn't matter that you don't mean a word you say. Just go on saying it; it's music to my ears."

Of course there are stage performers who, aware of the pitfalls that lie in the path of applause, learn to avoid them. I remember Noel Coward teasing my husband, Samuel Barlow, about making such a stiff curtain bow after playing his concerto. "Rehearse it, man!" Noel said, "Do it before a mirror." Sam said something about Noel's diffident, easy grace in answer to the howls of "Author! Author!" on opening night. Noel grinned, "Don't think *I* haven't rehearsed those modest little first night, strictly impromptu speeches within an inch of nothing," he said.

To writers and artists success may have come after years of grinding work, after disappointment and failure. The book, the play, the picture, or piece of sculpture that finally takes hold brings, at long last, the immense satisfaction of recognition. A friend once said of my sister, Catharine Drinker Bowen, who has risen to the top of her profession as an historical biographer, "I'd rather see Kitty paid a fulsome compliment than win a grand lottery. She gives off pleasure like something radioactive. She shows an utterly engaging surprise, as if she were saying, 'Are these things actually being said to me?' Her own delight acts as a return compliment and one goes off feeling like quite a boy."

My mother always said she believed in praise, that everyone needed it just as much as they liked it. "I trained all of you on the same principle as I trained puppies," she said. "When you took your first steps, when you first put one wooden block on another, when you did anything that showed intelligence or skill I praised you. If I said 'good boy,' you all but wagged your little tails and did much better for the encouragement. Only if you got too cocky did your father and I put you out in the back yard, so to speak."

V.I.P.s IN PARIS RESTAURANTS

WHO EATS WHAT
AND HOW TO COOK IT

By Alexander Watt



EDGAR FAURE, France's Premier, dines often at the excellent Italian restaurant Le San Francisco. He usually chooses *osso buco* for the main course. Another *habitué* is the novelist and Nobel Prize winner François Mauriac, who prefers a caloric dish made of chicken breasts, sliced ham, and Gruyère cheese, with a rich Madeira sauce; this appears on the menu as *côtes de volaille à la Bolognaise.*

For *osso buco,* first cut in fine julienne strips a few leeks, carrots, onions, and a little celery; brown in olive oil in a casserole along with ½ cupful chopped bacon. Meanwhile dredge in flour six shanks of veal, each a good inch thick; brown in a frying pan and transfer to the casserole. Add salt, pepper, ½ cupful dry white wine. Cook until liquid is slightly reduced. Then add two tablespoonfuls tomato purée, 1 cupful chicken broth, and simmer for about an hour and a half. Transfer the veal to another pan; keep hot in oven. Strain the juices from the casserole through a fine sieve; then cook gently until the quantity is again slightly reduced. Sprinkle finely chopped parsley, garlic, lemon peel over the shanks of veal; pour the sauce over them, and simmer for a few minutes more. Serve very hot.

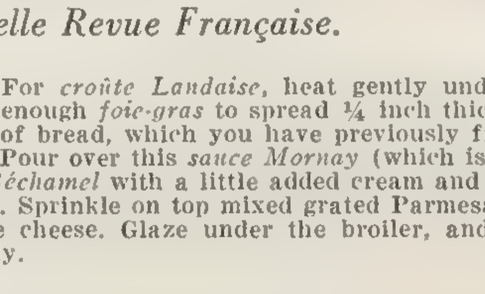
LE SAN FRANCISCO, 1 Rue Mirabeau. Closed Wednesday and for the month of August. Telephone Mirabeau 75-44.



ALEC GUINNESS, whose latest movie is called, aptly, *To Paris with Love,* apparently has a taste for the grand manner, revealed in his preference for Le Grand Véfour, a *luxe* "three-star" restaurant at the end of the Palais Royal gardens. Napoleon went there often as a young general, and it was in the coffeehouse, next door, that he first met Josephine de Beauharnais. The interior of Véfour is genuine Directoire with beautifully carved and painted panelling and handsome furniture. And the cellar, happily, has one of the best stocks of Bordeaux wines in Paris. Among the specialties is a rich little fantasy called *croûte Landaise,* for which Guinness reportedly has *une petite faiblesse.* Another specialty is the *sole N.R.F.,* a variation of *sole aux amandes,* named for another diner at Véfour, Gaston Gallimard, who publishes besides books, the magazine *Nouvelle Revue Française.*

For *croûte Landaise,* heat gently under the broiler enough *foie-gras* to spread ¼ inch thick over a slice of bread, which you have previously fried in butter. Pour over this *sauce Mornay* (which is really *sauce Béchamel* with a little added cream and grated cheese). Sprinkle on top mixed grated Parmesan and Gruyère cheese. Glaze under the broiler, and serve instantly.

LE GRAND VÉFOUR, 17 Rue du Beaujolais. Closed Sunday. Telephone Richelieu 58-97.



CHRISTIAN DIOR, in general, takes very little time for lunch, but when he feels the need of being truly restored, he walks over to the Plaza-Athénée. There Monsieur Diat, who controls the huge staff of the hotel's kitchens, concentrates principally on simple, superlative food, the fare of harried businessmen, and, of course, of dieters. Dior particularly enjoys his *poularde grillée Plaza-Athénée.*

This consists quite simply of a tender, young chicken, boned from the back (this is a tricky operation, so ask your poulterer to do it for you), cooked over the grill, and then finished in the oven. After 10 minutes' grilling, remove and place in a pan and sprinkle with plenty of chopped, raw mushrooms. Salt and pepper, and pour ⅓ cupful melted butter over the chicken. Place in a 400° oven and cook for 10 to 12 minutes, basting frequently. Remove and sprinkle finely chopped *fines herbes* over the chicken. Serve with potato straws and melted butter.

If you are not on a diet, then serve with potatoes and a rich *Sauce Périgueux:* Cut into thin strips enough potatoes and fresh (or tinned) truffles for four persons. Sauté them—don't fry them—in butter, in a small *sauteuse.* When cooked, press them down flat to make a round wad. Turn carefully upside down on a hot serving dish and place the chicken on top.

To make the sauce: Add two tablespoonfuls Essence of Truffles to ¾ cupful *demi-glace* (a composition of *sauce Espagnole* and *fonds de veau,* which is a concentrated veal stock). Simmer over a low flame until reduced by one-third of its volume. Strain through a fine sieve. Reheat, but do not allow to boil. Remove from fire and add 2 tablespoonfuls chopped truffles. Serve in a separate dish.

HOTEL PLAZA-ATHÉNÉE, 25 Avenue Montaigne. Telephone Élysées 85-23.



ANDRÉ MALRAUX, the great French novelist and art critic, is one of the members of the *Club de la Casserole,* which meets regularly at Lasserre, a fashionable restaurant in the Champs-Élysées quarter. The atmosphere here is one of velvety calm, and on summer nights, the roof slides back so that late diners can enjoy the night air and the stars along with their cognac. The chef, a winner of the culinary *Prix Prosper Montagné,* prepares a special *pannequet soufflé et flambé* which is sometimes the choice of Malraux when he dines at Lasserre.

This *pannequet* consists of a soufflé wrapped in a thin pancake. First make the pancakes, using any standard recipe for thin dessert pancakes. Then make a *crême pâtissière:* Beat together, until very thick and lemon-coloured, ¾ cupful sugar and 6 egg yolks. Mix in lightly ⅓ cupful flour. Gradually add 2 cupfuls hot milk, heated with one vanilla bean. Stir constantly with a wire whisk. Place over hot water, or over a very low flame and keep stirring until it just reaches the boiling point. Cool.

To prepare enough soufflé for 6 pancakes, beat into 6 tablespoonfuls of the warm *crême pâtissière*, with a wooden spatula, 1 egg, 2 egg yolks, and 2 tablespoonfuls of Grand Marnier or Cointreau. Next beat 6 egg whites until very stiff; fold these in slowly and carefully. Then place an equal portion of this mixture on each of the pancakes, and roll them, allowing some of the soufflé to run out at the ends. Heat on a hot, buttered silver dish in a 250° oven for 3 or 4 minutes. Remove, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and instantly rush the platter to the table. Flame the pancakes with a little of the same liqueur used in the soufflé, and serve as expeditiously as possible.

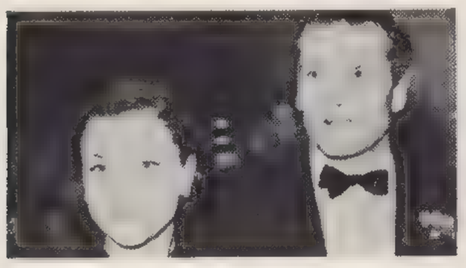
LASSERRE, 17 Avenue Franklin D. Roosevelt. Closed Sunday and the latter part of August. Telephone Élysées 53-43.



GRAHAM GREENE, the English novelist who wrote *The End of the Affair*, *The Heart of the Matter*, and, most recently, the controversial play *The Living Room*, likes Le Berkeley. He goes there primarily for the *steak au poivre*. To the French director Henri-Georges Clouzot, whose movie, *Wages of Fear*, is playing in America now, the great attraction is *écrevisses à la nage*, crayfish cooked in a well-spiced bouillon with white wine.

To fix *steak au poivre* for four people, first trim all the excess fat from four good-sized sirloin steaks. With the heel of the hand, press into each one freshly ground coarse black pepper. Add a pinch of salt. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter and two of olive oil in a heavy copper frying pan; sear the steaks quickly on both sides. Then pour over them two ounces of cognac, and ignite. When the steaks are cooked—and they should not be cooked too much—remove from pan and keep hot. Pour into the pan ¼ cupful dry white wine, ½ cupful heavy veal stock. Cook until the quantity is reduced by one-third. Correct seasoning, and pour over steaks.

LE BERKELEY, 7 Avenue Matignon. Telephone Balzac 47-79.



SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER, when he eats at the famous Parisian restaurant, Maxim's, usually has *sole Albert*, a variation, named for the director of Maxim's, of the classic *sole au vermouth*. Sir Laurence's wife, Vivien Leigh, often orders *frivolités de Langoustines*.

The *frivolités* present one difficulty; you must make first of all a very light puff paste. Shape this into small canoe-like pastries. Fill with shrimp—ideally they should be Dublin Bay prawns—which have been cooked first in a court bouillon, and, of course, shelled. Mask with lukewarm *sauce Béarnaise*. This is how to make the sauce: Stir together with a wooden spoon the yolks of five fresh eggs, two tablespoonfuls butter, salt, pepper. Cook gently until the eggs thicken; be sure to remove from fire, and add two more tablespoonfuls of butter, half a teaspoonful of vinegar, a little freshly chopped tarragon. This sauce should have the consistency of mayonnaise.

MAXIM'S, 3 Rue Royale. Telephone Anjou 27-94.



JEAN GABIN, the delightfully durable star of more French movies than anybody can remember just offhand, eats at Chez Monteil, an engaging *bistro* in Les Halles, the central markets of Paris. At lunchtime, he can often be found there sitting down with *Le Patron* to a hearty meal of *canard à l'Estragon*.

To cook this at home for four people, prepare a good-sized duck as you would for roasting. Make this stuffing: First chop the duck liver very fine; sauté in 2 tablespoonfuls butter. To this add ½ pound pork sausage meat, 2 tablespoonfuls *foie-gras* (or *pâté de foie-gras*), a dessertspoonful of fresh tarragon, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix well, add a little cognac, first pouring off excess fat if there is any. Stuff the duck; salt and pepper it, and roast for 15 minutes in a 400° oven. Then reduce heat to 300° and roast for 40 minutes more. Remove from roasting pan and keep hot. Put into the pan ½ cupful dry white wine, and ½ cupful water; bring gently to boiling point. Remove and thicken with a mixture of butter and flour. Correct seasoning, and serve with the duck.

CHEZ MONTEIL, 6 Rue de la Réale. Lunch only. Closed Sunday and Monday. Telephone Louvre 25-48.



JEAN COCTEAU, who has just been elected to the French Academy, can sometimes be seen eating *rognons de Cadiz* at Le Catalan, a small convivial restaurant on the Left Bank. The atmosphere and food are essentially Spanish, with guitarists and gipsy dancing from nine to eleven o'clock every evening.

For *rognons de Cadiz*, begin by scrubbing well 24 medium- to small-sized mushroom caps. Fry these in butter for 7 or 8 minutes; remove and keep hot. Pour into the pan ½ glassful of port, and cook until slightly reduced. Add 3 dessertspoonfuls of fresh cream, and stir constantly for three or four minutes over a low flame. Add 2 dessertspoonfuls of *demi-glace* (a combination of *sauce Espagnole* and *fonds de veau*, which is heavy veal stock). Then add 12 drops of Worcestershire sauce and a pinch of cayenne. Continue stirring and allow mixture to reduce slowly until the sauce is thick and shiny. Remove pan from fire; add a few small chunks of butter; stir well, and keep hot in a double boiler.

Meanwhile cook enough rice for four people. Split, scrub, and grill 12 lamb kidneys; grilling takes about 5 or 6 minutes. Put a mound of rice in the middle of a large serving dish, and surround it with the mushroom caps. Place a kidney on each mushroom cap. Pour the sauce over the rice. Then complete the decoration by deftly spearing each kidney-mushroom with a toothpick on which you have first impaled an olive and a cube of ham.

LE CATALAN, 16 Rue des Grands-Augustins. Open for dinner only. Closed Monday, and during August. Telephone Danton 46-07.



DR. CHARLES PAUL, the eminent French medical man, dines when he can at Lapérouse, where the dish *poulet Docteur* was created in his honour. A superb old-fashioned restaurant, Lapérouse is managed by Monsieur Topolinski, whose family has been in charge there for more than fifty years. The *canard de Colette*, created for the author of *Gigi*, is another Lapérouse specialty, often chosen by Monsieur Paul Panhard, the industrialist whose name the Panhard-Levasseur car bears.

For *poulet Docteur* clean and truss a three-pound roasting chicken. Salt and pepper it; brown quickly in 4 tablespoonfuls of butter heated in a copper casserole. Cover, reduce heat, and allow to cook, basting frequently, for about 45 minutes. Then add a large glass of Port. Leave the cover off and allow liquid to reduce by one-third. Next add 1½ cupfuls heavy veal stock. Continue cooking gently until the chicken is tender, remembering to baste it frequently. Meanwhile, cut 2 chicken livers in half, and sauté them lightly in butter along with ¼ pound tender veal cut in very thin strips. To this add a little freshly chopped tarragon. When the livers and veal are done, place them on a hot platter, and top with chicken, cut up for serving. Cook the juices in the casserole until slightly reduced; then pour over the chicken. This dish must be served very hot to be good.

LAPÉROUSE, 51 Quai des Grands-Augustins. Closed Sunday from July through September. Danton 68-04.



PABLO PICASSO, the famous Spanish painter, when he comes up to Paris from the Midi, goes to Chez Camille Renault in Puteaux, just across the Seine at Neuilly. A shuttered *bistro*, it looks from the outside fairly dull. Inside, the atmosphere is comfortable and friendly. Camille Renault, a big, open-hearted man, besides being an expert chef, has a great feeling for art and for astrology. On the walls hangs a mixed collection of paintings, and a number of dishes are named for artists—*poulet Gauguin*, *retour de Tahiti*, for example, and, of course, *poulet Picasso*.

To make *poulet Picasso* at home for four people, select a tender young chicken and get your poulterer to split it up by the back and to flatten it. Place it in a pan. Pour over 2 tablespoonfuls pure olive oil and cook under the broiler in a hot oven (450°) for 25 minutes. Remove from the oven, place on a serving dish and pour ¼ cupful slightly melted butter over the chicken. Keep hot. Next peel, quarter and seed 4 large ripe tomatoes and place in the juice in the pan in the oven along with 20 large green olives and 20 large black olives which have been pitted. When the olives are hot and the tomatoes start to get soft (3 or 4 minutes will suffice), remove, season with salt and pepper, and pour over the chicken.

CHEZ CAMILLE RENAULT, 60 Rue de la République, Puteaux. Closed Monday. Telephone Longchamps 01-30.

(*Continued on page 99*)



The sterling silver that brides really want looks like this—the line, pure: the design, compatible with modern or museum-piece; the range of uses, wide. Examples here, from left to right: Serving spoon in a new Danish design, "Cypress"; $29*. Coffeepot with plastic-wrapped handle, by Sigvard Bernadotte; $260*. Both, Georg Jensen. Teardrop salt and pepper set, International's "Modern Design"; $23*. Reproduction of Paul Revere pitcher by Reed & Barton; $85*. Both, Plummer's. Square, ring-handled cigarette box by Sigvard Bernadotte; $187*, at Georg Jensen. Holding daisies, a reproduction of the Wynkoop bowl (circa 1726); $120*, at Robert Ensko. Towle's versatile candelabrum: with three arms, $110* the pair; with five, $140* the pair; Altman's. Danish pepper shaker, salt dish lined with blue enamel, spoon. $36*; Georg Jensen.

BASIC FLAT SILVER LIST FOR THE BRIDE:

8 teaspoons
4 dessertspoons
4 large oval-bowled soupspoons
4 serving spoons
8 dinner forks *(4 for serving)*
4 luncheon forks and
4 luncheon knives *(these are also for fish, salad, dessert)*
4 dinner knives, steel blades
4 butter knives
1 gravy ladle
4 demitasse spoons

*TAX INC.



All the pieces of sterling silver shown above perform several functions gracefully; this endears them to young housekeepers, who also perform quite a few functions gracefully. Left to right: Tumbler cup for cigarettes, small flowers ($9.50*); reproduction of a Paul Revere coffeespoon ($2.50*); both by Gorham, at Black, Starr & Gorham. Reproduction of a Paul Revere bowl; $16.50*; Patrick Henry julep cup, here full of flowers; $16.50*. Both by Wallace, at Altman's. Reed & Barton's serving knife in "Pointed Antique" pattern; $10*; Plummer's. Round tray, 12½" in diameter, by Lunt; about $70*; Macy's. Teapot on stand, George I design; $245*, at Robert Ensko. Salad fork and spoon, silver and plastic; Heirloom Sterling in "Reigning Beauty" design; $13.25* the set; Altman's. Sugar and cream set by Lunt; about $25*; Macy's.

FLAT SILVER TO ADD TO BASIC LIST, OPPOSITE:

8 dinner forks
8 luncheon forks
8 dinner knives
8 dessertspoons
8 demitasse spoons

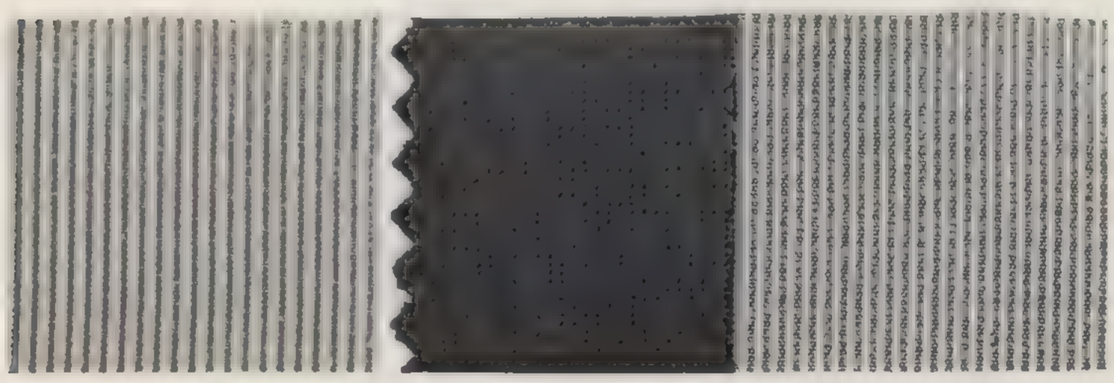
GRIGSBY

PAUL HIMMEL



Blends

Above: The blend here is 65% Dacron, 35% Egyptian cotton. It's washable; requires little if any pressing. This, a charcoal suiting by Cone Mills. The single-breasted suit, $48. At Brooks Brothers. *Below:* Swatches of new summer blends available in ready-to-wear suits. At left, suit in a summer blend of 75% Orlon, 25% nylon—very good blend for lightness and press retention, for travel. About $40. Finchley. Centre, wash-and-wear suit blended of 70% Dacron, 30% nylon. $50. Roger Kent. At right, suit that combines acetate, rayon, and nylon. About $35. Tripler's.



The men's pages...

Topic:
summer suiting

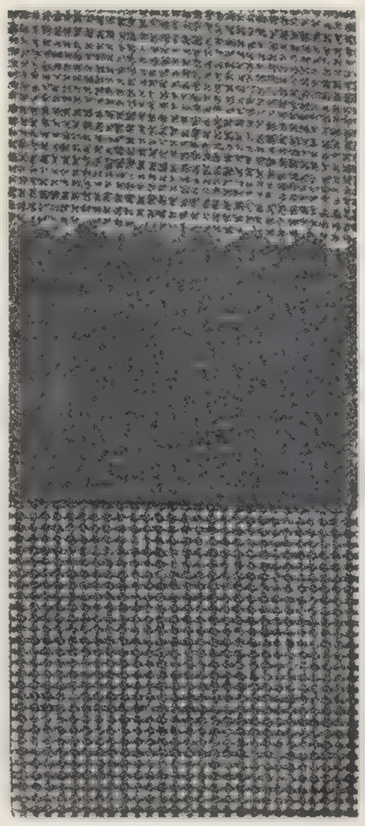


MAN-MADE—FOR MEN

If, on the hottest day of summer, a hard-working man put his feet on his desk and tried to figure out the ideal summer suit, and one he'd be willing to be seen in (which eliminates all world-of-tomorrow fantasies), it might go something like this: It would weigh next to nothing (just enough so he wouldn't have to look to verify). It would shed a day's desk-wrinkles by the time he got to the elevator. It would be cool—by cloth rather than by cut (he's a conventional man himself), and if it washed, it wouldn't *look* as if it had been washed. It would come in respectable colours and—as long as he's dealing in ideal situations—the shop would *give* it to him. Barring this last condition—he has a pretty good chance of having his ideal suit this summer. For the special qualities needed in men's suitings, there are new blendings of man-made fibres that have been carefully balanced, so they have the advantage of both (or all) of the fibres, the disadvantages of none. When these man-made fibres lend their support to each other, or to natural fibres, you have a summer suiting which has a lightness, a good hand, few colour limitations, absorbency, and a phenomenal spring-back from wrinkles. And good looks: see these two pages. *For natural-fibre suitings:* turn the page.

Blends

Above: Blend of Dacron and tropical worsted. The suit by Hart, Schaffner & Marx, about $70. Wallachs; Silverwoods, L. A. *Right:* Samples of fabrics for other summer suits. Top, suit by Botany 500; Dacron, tropical worsted, $55. Wanamaker's, Phila. Centre, suit of Dacron, cotton. By Gordon of Phila. $40. At De Pinna. Below, Palm Beach cloth, here, a four-way blend of wool, mohair, acetate, and rayon. $45. John David.

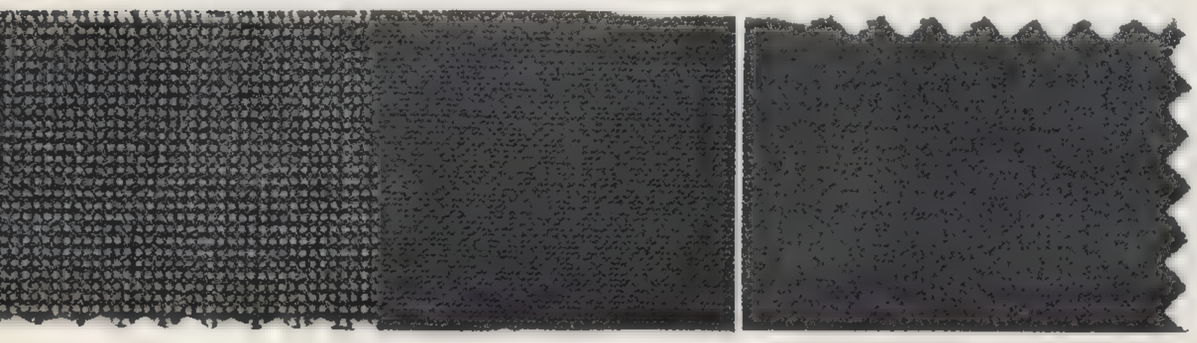






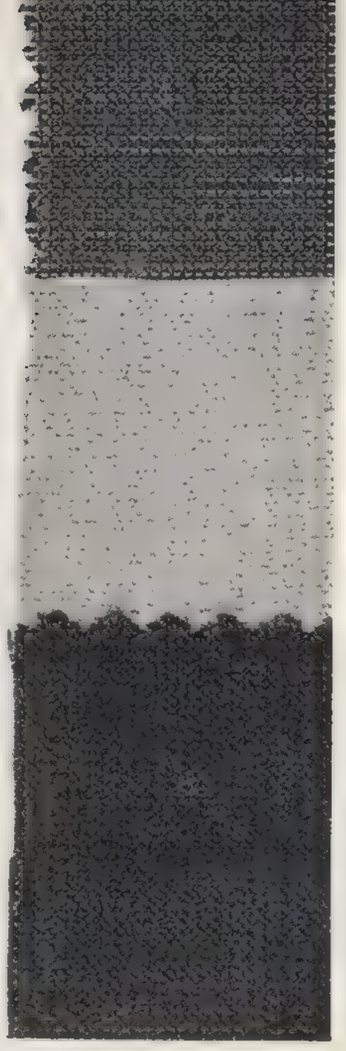
Blends

Photographed directly above: A single-breasted suit by Haspel, of 85% cotton and 15% silk, one of the thinnest suitings extant. This, tailored in a charcoal shade, $45. At Lord & Taylor. *Below:* More blends. Right, black-and-white sharkskin, 80% tropical worsted, 20% silk. Suit, by Hickey-Freeman, $150. Capper & Capper. Centre, suit of mohair, tropical worsted. About $65. Broadstreet's. Right, tropical worsted. Suit, by Southwick, about $80. Paul Stuart.



Silk

Left: Yarn-dyed blue-and-black Italian slubbed silk for a suit made by Lebow. $115. At Lord & Taylor. *Right:* Some samples of silk in ready-to-wear suits. Top, very dark grey pin-check Italian silk; the suit, at Roger Kent, $85. Centre, natural Italian silk pongee suit by Baker, $110. Thalhimers. Below, black-and-white silk sharkskin in a suit tailored by Hickey-Freeman. $165. At Tripler's.

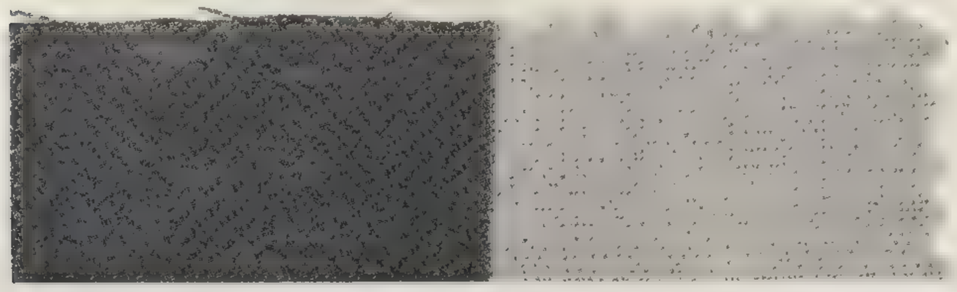


NATURALS FOR MEN

On these two pages, summer suitings in the natural fibres—sometimes blended, sometimes pure. It's been general information for thousands of years that silk and wool have insulating properties, linen is strong as steel (the resemblance stops there, happily), and cotton is unbeatably crisp. The news is in this-summer-of-1955 weaves, blends, and colours. The silk suit with its crisp hand and diffused lustre remains one of the finest and most luxurious suits a man can own. What's new this year: Italian silk suiting cross-dyed in dark colours; a new weave that looks like sharkskin; and newest for town, strong Italian pongee spun by "wild" silkworms (nature in the raw silk, we assume). The news in linen is the herringbone weave. It makes up into a distinguished town suit, but carries over to the country with a change of trousers. The Italian cottons, especially the black and brown weaves, have a good downtown look, deserve formal ties and shirts, and when cotton is blended with 25% silk, an already crisp cloth becomes pretty well un-wiltable. Another blend: tropical worsted with mohair (which lends porosity). In the past few years—mercifully—many new weaves and blends have been created with comfortable summer suits in mind, but sometimes we feel the whole subject of coolness-in-the-summer has been "over-promised." The truth is, that on a really hot day in the city, no matter what a man wears, he's going to feel the weather. Intelligently planned clothes can make him less hot, but they can never make him entirely cool. Once this fact is accepted, the whole question simplifies to: which suitings look and feel best, and that *is* answerable—here.

Linen

Newest in a herringbone pattern; photographed directly below, a suit that has the right downtown look, but looks fine with flannels or slacks in the country. The suiting here, of Moygashel linen, is remarkably fine and with a light, lintless texture. Suit, by H. Freeman & Son, $85. Altman's. The swatch below left, same fabric as the suit in the photograph. Below right, beige Tebilized Tootal linen. Southwick suit, $65. Paul Stuart.



PAUL HIMMEL





Cotton

Above: Grey nailhead sharkskin pattern, a suit of M & W Thomas cotton, $50. Bloomingdale's. *Right:* Further swatches. Top, grey-and-black Italian cotton single-breasted suit, $55. Roger Kent. Centre, black-and-brown diagonally striped Italian cotton. Suit by Louis Roth. $100. Sakowitz. Below, black and sepia Italian cotton; the suit by De Rogatis, about $185, at Neiman-Marcus.



JAMES ABBE





Daily dresses, on summer time

Here and on the next two pages, clothes for the good times: summer's release, with swimming in, music lessons out, and the daily struggle with leggings only a faint woolly memory. And the new cuts contribute: the line is eased, necklines lowered—and exit, sleeves. (In fact these pages make a point of no sleeves eleven times.) On these two pages, new every-day dresses that will be washed and worn fifty times before school reopens. *First in line:* A wavy-striping of two blues and a white, and a real belt. Dress by Johnston, in Stevens cotton; about $8. Sizes 7 to 14. Jane Engel; I. Magnin. *Second:* A half-striped shirtwaist dress by Berk, of pink and white Stevens cotton, $9. Sizes 7 to 14. Saks Fifth Ave. *Third:* A tucked bodice dress of pale-pink cotton broadcloth, by Joseph Love, $8. Sizes 7 to 14. Best's; Hutzler's. *Fourth:* A new and wonderful look in children's clothes (news that's *news*, but still absolutely correct)—the straight coat dress, flat pleats, buttons, a tiny back belt. By Kate Greenaway, of textured cotton by Everfast in sherbet pink, $5. Sizes 3 to 6x. Saks Fifth Ave. *Fifth:* A blue and white dimity dress, buttoned down the back (and capable of being a jumper dress on cool days). By Westway, in Dumari cotton, $5. Sizes 3 to 6x. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus.

JAMES ABBÉ





Play and party clothes, on summer time

Here, wearing new summer-party dresses (no organdie, no sashes), six spellbound children being magicked by Ward the Wizard. (Note: there's nothing like magic to keep lively children within a given area for a given time.) These dresses do beautifully for Sunday summer luncheons, too, and as "go and change for supper" clothes, and look enchanting under cardigan sweaters. *First in line:* The true princesse, blue Moygashel linen with a white yoke. By Wynndot, $20. Sizes 7 to 10. De Pinna. *Second:* A crinkly-cotton (no ironing) dress printed with a rose and a green ribbon. By Cinderella, in a Fuller fabric, $6. Sizes 7 to 12. Bloomingdale's. *Third:* Pink cotton broadcloth (an Everglaze cotton by Ameritex) printed with big leaves in many greens. By Tiny Town Togs, $5. Sizes 7 to 12. Best's. *Fourth:* The seven-to-fourteen's black-and-white print, looking every bit as young as pink. Here, pin-dots and daisies. By Children's House, of ABC cotton. About $11. Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. *Fifth:* Blue dots on white—and an angelic yoke. By Fairchild, of linen-textured cotton by Everfast. About $9. Sizes 7 to 14. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. *Sixth:* Very handsome little dress on the tailored side; by Florence Eiseman, of aquamarine Moygashel linen, embroidered in white. About $23. Sizes 7 to 12. Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus.

Success story—and sequel

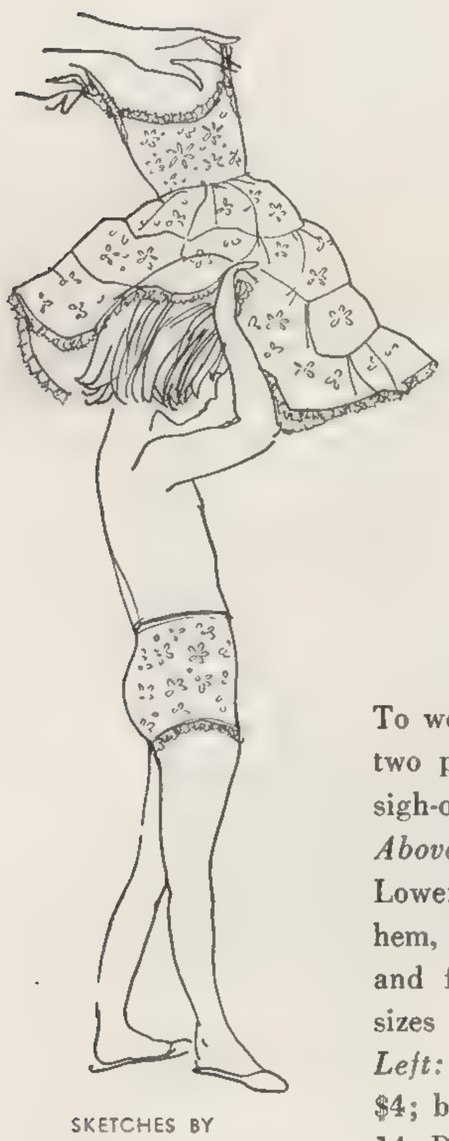




PRIGENT

Pleasant addition to the fashion history book, and to wardrobes that like making fashion history: the news here. Shown above, as you saw it in Vogue, last December, is a maillot by Catalina that had this very special bit of news (as well as especially good looks)—it was not only knitted but a knitted blend of Orlon and Lastex. In a matter of weeks after its first published appearance, it became a best-seller bathing suit—and now, for summer swimming, there's this sequel: a maillot with a new cut (tuck-away halter straps), this time in a blend of Celanese acetate and Lastex, and with, Vogue thinks, the same promise of great fashion success. The maillot shown left, in a white knit; $14. The sweater worn with it, $10. The original maillot, above, $15. All by Catalina. All at Best's. The suit at left is also at Bullock's, L. A.

Little girls slips,
on summer time





SKETCHES BY
ERICA PERL

To wear under the dresses on pages 88-91: two pretty cotton slips that belong in the sigh-of-relief department—need no ironing. *Above:* Soft little white crêpe slip (in a Lowenstein fabric), with an embroidered hem, elasticized at the back of the bodice, and fastened there with tiny buttons. In sizes 3 to 12, $3. By Scampers. Altman's. *Left:* Lacy slip of white Everglaze cotton, $4; bloomers to match, about $2. Sizes 2 to 14. By Polly Betts, at Saks Fifth Avenue.

MIEHLMANN



Discoveries in beauty

Fragrance, at home and abroad—that's the scheme for summer here. Icy brightness for a dressing table: crystal cut into a tiered bottle holds Evyan's Most Precious perfume. Next, fragrance anywhere: a portable pink plastic container with a built-in spray—Evyan's latest design for their colognes Most Precious and White Shoulders. Bounceable, leak-proof, this is small enough to tuck into a pocket, a purse, the glove compartment of a car, but holds enough for a long holiday. To complete the refreshment of a bath or shower (now we're home again!), there is the large decanter of Splash, flowered with White Shoulders. At Altman's.



Bottled and packaged in France





Glen Plaid cotton. cotton version of the Glen Plaid silk jacket Vogue introduced to the men exactly a year ago. This latest variation: good form all day in the country, when you want the feeling of a suit but less formality. By M. Jackman; about $75. Mark Cross; Bullock's-Wilshire.

Shirtweight country jackets: newly patterned



Cotton flannel blazer, striped for a muted blue effect—and in fact, a fine new alternate for the navy-blue blazer usually worn with white flannels. By Baker, in a Lanella Mills fabric: about $65. At Mark Cross. The car on both these pages: the racy new DeSoto Fireflite convertible.



Checked summer jacket: in blue and white, and in Dacron and nylon with a seersucker texture and definitely in order for the beach house where the life is all play and no work. It dries in no time and needn't be ironed. (Good for summer travel also, ergo.) $30 at Brooks Brothers.



Tartan jacket, basically dark green, red, and yellow: nice way to dress for the country (white shirt, black knit tie) or go easy—after golf, for instance, with a cream-coloured sports shirt, yellow linen slacks. By Norman Hilton, in D. & J. Anderson cotton, $38. G. Fox; MacNeil & Moore.

PAUL HIMMEL



Could become a man's beach-resort uniform, this plaid jacket—in dark green and navy-blue Moygashel Irish linen. By Currick & Leiken, $53. Altman's. (Notice the low-slung lines of the DeSoto Fireflite convertible in the picture—even if the top *were* up it's scarcely five feet high.)



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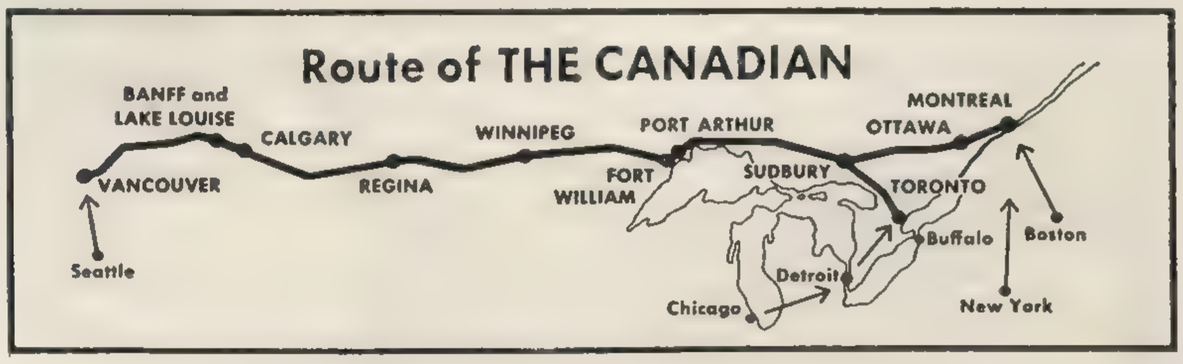
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The new peacock shoe: new print, new sole

New opera pumps, printed blue satin on a green sole, photographed here in two spotlights: Above, the blue satin shoe highlighted to show the peacock feather design; in the limelight below, the bright green leather of the sole of this shoe. Another way this new shoe would show to great fashion-advantage: on a dance floor, worn with one of the new brown chiffon late-day dresses, or with a floating navy-blue voile (this printed shoe's very smart with filmy dresses). Or try these shoes after five, with a tunic dress of navy-blue lace. Another handsome rôle for these: at-home shoes—with bottle-green velvet trousers, perhaps, and a dark silk jersey blouse. These opera pumps of printed Skinner satin by Margaret Jerrold, $20. These, to order at Lord & Taylor.

COFFIN



1955 shoes:

new prints, new rôles

Other examples of the new printed leather shoes (see page 67) with specific fashion applications that make the most of their good looks. 1. An opera pump of white-dotted black Italian calfskin with patent leather heels. Smartest rôle? Might be worn just with a black shantung sheath, a red linen cocktail dress. By Evins, $43. I. Miller. 2. Especially smart after-five with black, electric blue: white leather opera pumps, printed with a black Directoire pattern, with black patent leather heels, piping. By Herbert Levine, $35. Jack Schaefer. 3. Black and white marbleized calfskin with a stripe of black patent leather, heels of the same. This might wisely specialize in solid-colour linens—red, beige, blue, black, worn most smartly out of town. By Mademoiselle, of printed Ohio calfskin, $17. At Lord & Taylor.



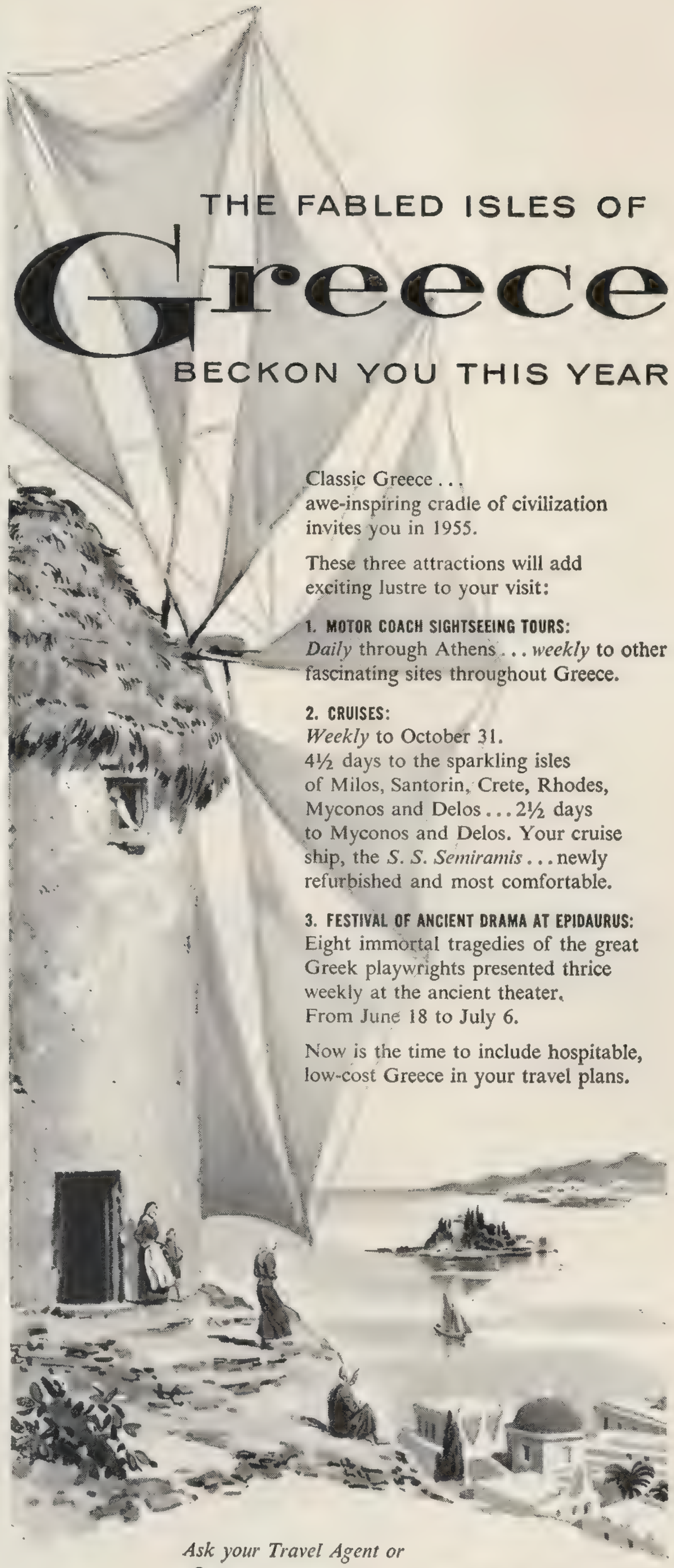
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WOMEN AND WINE

BY H. W. YOXALL

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As Managing Director of British Vogue and British House & Garden, Harry W. Yoxall brings to the discussion of women the special and penetrating experience of having spent what he refers to, with unpained honesty, as "most of my adult life" working with them. This article was one of the Saintsburian Orations, delivered at The Vintners' Hall in London at an annual meeting of the Saintsbury Club, named, of course, for the English literary critic and connoisseur of wine, George Saintsbury, who took, for the most part, a rather prim attitude of forced chivalry on the subject of women.*

The subject of this article is "Women and Wine." Not, you note, "Wine and Women," with its implication of the third member of the trinity, its atmosphere of Viennese waltzes, its suggestion of champagne consumed out of the slippers of actresses in the times when actresses drank champagne and not, as I suspect they now do, Pepsi-Cola. No, it is Women and Wine; the first, I think, the only secular, physical subject worthy to be placed alongside the second.

Not that I pose as a connoisseur, still less as a *coureur des dames*. Nor, on the other hand, am I anti-feminist. But it so happens that I have spent most of my adult life working with women. I have always been puzzled, indeed saddened, to think how slight—in comparison with their other advances—is their progress in the sacred field of the knowledge of wine.

Make every allowance for them—for all their handicaps of tradition, education, economics, even of physique. Is it not a fact that they have overcome these markedly—I was just going to write, manfully—in the arts and sciences, in public life, and commerce? Has not their natural taste, and their vaunted instinct, shown itself eminently in various fields where nice discrimination is demanded? But can the most gallant of men aver that women have established any pressing claim for consideration as œnomaths—or even œnophils?

They have been notoriously debarred from the subtle processes of the making of wine. There are the famous *Veuves* of the champagne labels, and the *Witwen* of the Hock and Moselle bottles, but do not these very prefixes indicate that they have won their celebrity by inheritance rather than initiative? Has anyone heard of women making such a mark as wine merchants as they have in a dozen branches of trade previously considered unfeminine? But is it not still more significantly in the field of pure wine connoisseurship that they most seem to lag?

Speaking personally, I can count on one finger of one hand the women that I have met whom I, a devoted and moderately experienced amateur, would accept as authorities on wine. And even her I would place after all of my male authorities. Why is this?

In what one may call the genuine wine-drinking countries, in France, for example, or Italy, where wine is served as part of every meal in every walk of life, women can, naturally, through experience, distinguish a good wine from a bad one better than they can in Britain or the United States. Yet even on the Continent I still find hostesses curiously uninformed about, indeed uninterested in, the finer points of wine. Women, though not the best cooks, are the general cooks, perhaps the natural cooks; and surely they should become knowledgeable about food's first and finest ally. But they do not. May it be that in preparing menus, or indeed in cooking dishes, women concentrate instinctively on the things they prefer, on sweets rather than savouries, on liqueurs rather than wine?

I have consulted a leading neurologist and have been assured that there is absolutely no difference between the taste buds, and the equipment of the palate in general, of the two sexes. But, though I hesitate to challenge scientific authority, there surely must be some physical reason for the notorious feminine preference for the sweet drinks and foods. Perhaps their greater nervous sensitivity calls for a more generous intake of sugar.

I remember how, as a boy, I disliked the taste of beer and loathed that of whisky, but soon—surprisingly soon—got to enjoy them. Meanwhile my sisters were approaching alcohol through the suaver channels of Madeira or sweet champagne. Even in these days when young women in the bar swallow drink for drink with their males, their natural taste expresses itself rather in gin-and-limes than in dry Martinis. The war-time beer-drinking by women was, I believe, only the result of economic stress and shortage.

To this consequence of traditional training perhaps we should add the instinctive effect of inherited nicety. It is little more than a century since women used to leave their menfolk at table to drinking so uncouth and excessive as to revolt the finer susceptibilities. If this, they thought, was the result of a love of wine, better the dish of tea in the drawing room, where hope that the men would not linger too long at the bared mahogany conflicted with fear that they would arrive befuddled.

Incidentally, one of my volunteer research associates, who had heard that I planned this inquiry, told me that on the occasion of a visit to a city pub she was surprisingly told

by the licensee that the port trade would be ruined if it were not for women customers. How many homebound charwomen restore themselves with port-and-lemonade, how many lonely widows or spinsters slip furtively into the more respectable saloon bars for a consoling white, ruby, or tawny! But note that it is the white, ruby, or tawny that they choose. Thrift, say the champions of women. I doubt it. Men who are little if any better off will pay more than they can afford at their clubs for a vintage port, will harbour in otherwise undistinguished cellars a bottle or two of fine old crusted. Women today are the mistresses of their purses, and will spend—as they should—what they like, on what they like. But not, it appears, on a bottle of wine.

Is it not true that they who seem otherwise so subtle are very simple in their gustatory preferences? Even when they develop a more complex knowledge of wine, this knowledge is associational rather than pure. They have learned something about estate names, have conned a few leading years from the vintage charts that, for better or worse, are now so freely circulated. But set before them an anonymous bottle at a table of whose reputation they know nothing, and this veneer of scholarship is soon penetrated. Woman remembers not so much the wine—its colour, its bouquet, its taste, its return—as the occasion on which she drank it, the company, her dress and own looks, the general success of the evening. It is a function of woman's instinct for the personal rather than for the abstract. Men do not recall, "Ah, that wonderful pre-phylloxera Margaux—I was wearing my first double-breasted dinner-jacket when I had it." Men do not say—or I hope they do not—"All through that superb '21 Rheingau I was wondering if my hostess was going to make a pass at me before the evening was out."

There are even fields of positive antagonism between women and wine. They know that perfume, one of their greatest attractions, is unfriendly to it. (I have had more good bottles spoilt in America by the hostess' Chanel than by the guests' cigarettes.) Women, too, fear wine's effect upon the fashion for slenderness. The regular drinking of good wine, necessary for the establishment of standards, admittedly produces a certain—shall I say?—sleekness of figure. It is not helpful to the princesse line nor to pencil skirts.

Champagne is too often called "the ladies' wine," but if the phrase is execrable the implication is just. Champagne is gay, light, sparkling, insufficiently interesting in itself to distract its drinkers from their company, promoting light and (one hopes) witty chatter, friendly to that mildly erotic atmosphere which women like, because in it they know they shine. Whereas the slow, studied consumption of great Burgundy or claret; the concentration it demands, the comparisons it evokes, the memories that it recalls: these produce a satisfied silence, or at best promote an erudite conversation on literary, philosophical, even religious subjects. The decanters pass leisurely round; the women tend to tap their fingers nervously on the table, if they do not need them to conceal little yawns. The talk is of Chambertin rather than of Cannes; shippers are compared rather than shops; the years mentioned are past ones, sometimes long past—not the exciting present nor the dazzling future.

Freud has taught us that we tend to forget what we do not want to remember. Similarly we try to avoid what we fear to challenge. I believe that the basic reason for woman's ignorance of wine is her deep instinctive jealousy of it, as her most dangerous rival in the affections of intelligent men. Bacchus is said to be the ally of Venus. Yes, up to a point, women allow. But beyond that point, to the degree to which men grow to worship him, he becomes linked rather with Minerva—with scholarship and all that. And at the end of his service, as the last libation is poured, is he not apt to become joined at times with yet another classical deity —with Morpheus?

Again, women have the intelligence to know that there are certain fields where they should leave men to their own *dadas*. Women are great realists. They do not wish to reform—or be reformed. They feel, probably, that it gives us more pleasure to explain wine to them than to share it with them in joint and equal criticism.

So then, I conclude that, fundamentally, women balk at the higher knowledge of wine, partly through the negative quality of jealousy, refusing to attach importance to their most dangerous rival; partly through the positive quality of tact, leaving us one exclusive preserve into which they can be from time to time invited as charming amateurs, apparently eager to learn but instinctively refusing a serious challenge to our masculine pre-eminence.

Perhaps if we reproach women in general for their lack of œnophily, we should pardon it in our own wives. Are we not better pleased when they refuse a second glass (we should hardly offer them a third) out of the bottle? Should we not wisely continue to aid and abet their indifference? "What, darling, you really *don't* want any more?" we ask—as, trying to avoid unseemly haste, but without waiting for the reply, we drain the decanter into our privileged cup. "Too bad, my dear," we add, "it's the last of the Latour '34. I thought you would have liked it..."

RESTAURANTS

(Continued from page 81)

PIERRE FRESNAY, the French actor who played the austere but sinful clergyman in the movie *Symphonie Pastorale*, has a favourite out-of-the-way *bistro* in Paris where the food is anything but austere. Called Chez l'Ami Louis, it has striped tablecloths and, on the tiled floor, sawdust. Monsieur Antoine, the owner, a man with a magnificent Bismarck moustache, is also the chef, and Madame Antoine, with the help of one waiter, does all the serving. The specialties are dishes from Les Landes, the region between Bordeaux and Biarritz; among them, a unique combination of *foie-gras* and *jambon de Bayonne*, excellent *rognons flambés*, and, in season, game. Pierre Fresnay often chooses the *caille aux raisins* (quail with grapes), a dish unfortunately not suitable for home kitchens, since it requires a *fumet de gibier* composed of pressed skylarks stewed in veal stock and blended, with appropriate mystery, with white wine, Madeira, and port.

CHEZ L'AMI LOUIS, 32 Rue du Vertbois. Closed on Tuesday. Telephone Turbige 77-48.

•

LUDWIG BEMELMANS, whose gently insane drawings of Paris are almost as blissful as Paris, likes to eat *côte de bœuf à la Bordelaise* at Le Relais Bisson, a cosy restaurant only two years old, which, by French standards, is not very old at all. The décor runs rather to wrought iron and wicker, with trailing plants and African masks. André Roussin, the French playwright who wrote *The Little Hut*, comes here to eat *loup de la Méditerranée grillé et flambé au fenouil*, or, sometimes, *matelote d'anguille*, which is simply eel stew with red wine.

LE RELAIS BISSON, 37 Quai des Grands-Augustins. Closed on Monday and during August. Telephone Danton 71-80.

•

MADAME MENDÈS-FRANCE, the wife of France's doughty ex-premier, Pierre Mendès-France, goes occasionally to Le Relais de Porquerolles, to eat the excellent bouillabaisse, served here with the fish arranged on an impressive plank of cork. The décor is nautical, with ships' lanterns, fish nets, and great bowls of thyme and fennel, the herbs used in preparing the fish dishes of the Mediterranean, *soupe de poissons*, *loup flambé*, and, of course, the bouillabaisse, made here with thirteen different varieties of fish.

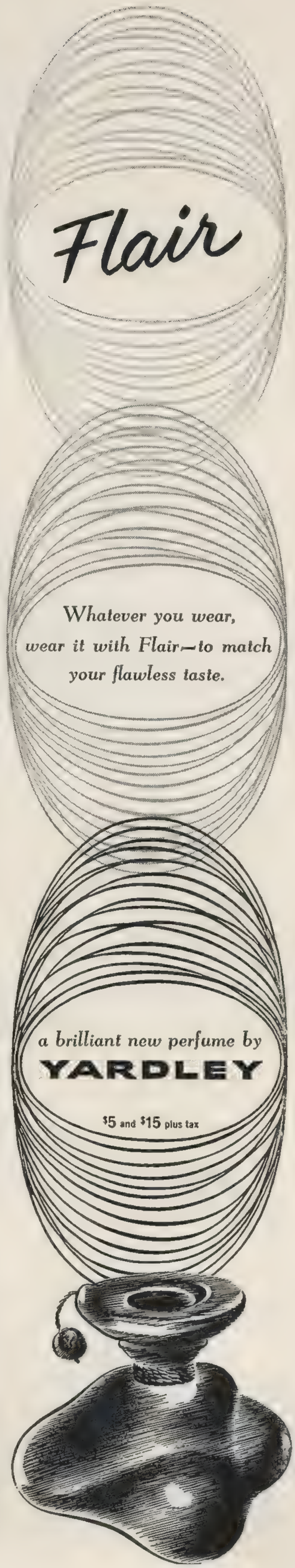
LE RELAIS DE PORQUEROLLES, 12 Rue de l'Eperon. Telephone Odéon 44-30.

•

DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC, the seventy-year-old French painter and illustrator, has a taste for sea food, and likes to go to Prunier-Traktir, with a bar-counter on the ground floor and a more leisurely salon on the floor above. Segonzac's prime favourite is *moules marinière*.

PRUNIER-TRAKTIR, 16 Avenue Victor Hugo. Telephone Passy 01-45.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Alexander Watt is the co-author with James A. Beard of the book,* Paris Cuisine, *a cheerful exploration of the arts and pleasures of the table, from which several of these recipes were taken.*



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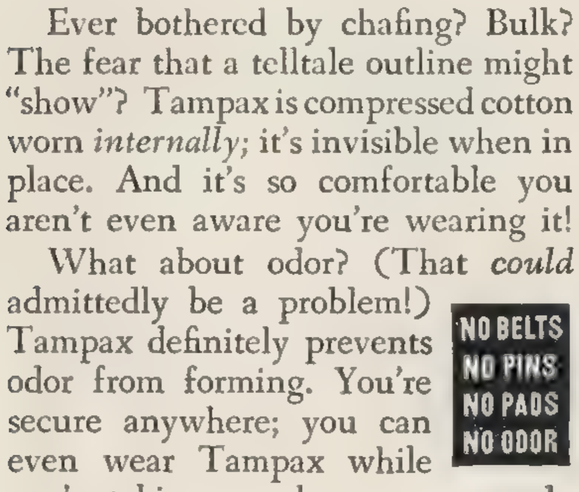
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VENICE

(Continued from page 53)

are lovers of temptation who settled here in order to succumb to it incessantly. Hence their Most Serene Republic, their laws.

Let's agree with bigots of all kinds: Venice is a place of perdition. Here the soul is actually lost to all considerations except self. We have to keep getting back to statistics. The extreme political parties are very weakly represented. They have, of course, a certain number of adherents, but that is simply because Venice is in Italy and Italy is cautious. Since play goes on at all the tables, everyone places some stake, more or less, on the extremists. "You never can tell": there's a formula that explains a great deal. A Robespierre would not find a carpenter here capable of building him a platform strong enough eventually to support a guillotine. The carpenter has other fish to fry. The same with religion. The bells ring, and a lovely sound they have, too. The clergy go through the proper motions about the pulpits, the shrines, and the altars; but you see some of them who never wear sacred ornaments and whose faces reveal the most sympathetic delicacy. Those are the ones who count.

You find masks everywhere—or, to be more exact, half-masks. These beautiful creations of taffeta, moire, or silk conceal the forehead, the eyes, and the nose and leave the mouth uncovered. The look of the eyes in the black, impassive half-face comes straight from the golden age. I tried on several of these masks to see what state of mind they induce. They induce one that I refuse to discuss. But, looking at myself in a mirror, I observed that the mask made me a less vulnerable prey, and that even my boisterous laughter had changed to an ambiguous smile. What a magnificent game it would be to play in everyday life! The wonderful thing is that here you could wear a mask in the street any time at all without causing scandal. You would just be pitied.

The Venetian of old aristocratic stock is a melancholy person. He loves fine fabrics, splendid jewels, rare perfumes. On him you could visualize the costume Apollo or Jupiter would wear now. He is epicurean but with the moderation that sets an infinite cost upon sin. He has a great deal of very good taste. Man or woman, his instincts are fine. He knows how to walk. He walks only in the evening, in the Piazza San Marco, but he does it as a person of his calibre would dance, meticulously. He does not talk much, and the name of Providence is constantly on his lips, even when making love. The trouble is that he sees calamity, and he sees it in advance. Everything is a source of anxiety to him because he interprets everything. You are revelling in a cool little breeze; he shivers, foreseeing that it will turn terribly cold. The weather is fine; it is *too* fine. The fine weather lasts; fine weather like this can't last. You can imagine what such temperaments can do with a passion when they have been unable to avoid being seized by one. Which happens. I do not mean just love, but ambition, for instance, or the passion for collecting intaglios.

Religious or moral scruples have no part in this drama of anguish. That is what makes it so savage. It is not a question of choice between good and bad, but between bad and nothing. One is offered enormous benefits, but at the cost of unparalleled suffering, and no other bargain is possible. Suffering is not the punishment for but the offspring of guilt; it is currency, the most basic in the world. After I perceived this attitude, I contrived to be invited everywhere. There are many nuns in this society, women between twenty-five and thirty years old and quite beautiful. You meet them in the various drawing rooms. They do the same things as everyone else, and with the same melancholy air. I saw some of them dance with each other, not innocent polkas but the most modern dances, whose names I do not know, a kind of slow and tranced somnambulism. It was sinister. I kept waiting for the clap of thunder which must surely be about to rock the *palazzo*. They were waiting for it, too, they and the charming young man who was playing the piano with astonishing spirit. That torment, by comparison to which anything is good in the last analysis since there is no cure for it, is hereditary and transmitted in the blood. To understand its origin you must go back to the Venetians who flung all their wealth into the sea and then spent their time pacing the quays and interpreting each lightest breath of wind. This is very well explained in the first act of *The Merchant of Venice*.

Everyone who is not noble, on the other hand, has a marvellous instinct for attaining happiness. There are none of the modern dangers in Venice. The people lie only for personal profit; they never commit crimes for ideals, only crimes for individual gain, neat, simple, and without fancy trimmings. They are shrewd enough to have no use for the "common welfare." This, too, is the effect of their city—or, to be more exact, the city as it appears; it is they who have made it what it is. I know of ten or more private industries in Venice. You must not get the impression that life here is composed essentially of costume balls, gondola rides, motion picture festivals, and amusements of the Sodom-and-Gomorrah variety. Aside from the small industries, there are numerous artisans, from carpenters, shoemakers, and tailors to "pearl-artists," the designers of mortuary ornaments (and some of these ornaments are as beautiful as Mexican idols), rope-makers, and so on. This is even one of those rare towns where there are still blacksmiths and farriers. I sometimes wonder what they find to do, but nevertheless there are blacksmiths and farriers with forges opening onto the street—or rather the alley—that borders a *canaletto* ringing with the sound of anvils.

All these people live and have daily celebrations not mentioned in the newspapers. There are fishing-parties, family dinners, siestas, in-

(Continued on page 101)



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SKETCH BY BRIAN

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VENICE

(Continued from page 100)

trigues, rendezvous, pipes smoked in the cool of the evening. All this goes on as in the good days when there were no tourists, when going to Venice was like going to Romorantin.

The tourist has made the city into a stage-setting designed for tourist use. Ruskin had a hand in it, and Wagner and D'Annunzio and Il Duce, and now Laurel and Hardy; if you do not comprehend that it is primarily a city for Venetians to live in, you do not see it at all. I have visited museums, like everybody else, and ridden in gondolas on the Grand Canal. I soon had enough of that. You meet Germans, English, French, Chinese, Turks (no Spaniards, however). Their heads are mounted on swivels; they look from side to side as if they were in a terrible hurry—and as a matter of fact, they are.

To be happy, myself, I must be among people on whose faces I can read clearly that tomorrow is another day. I do everything very slowly. I like it that way. If people are in an uproar over anything, I go away, under no obligation to catch what others are catching. If anyone tells me, eyes popping, "You absolutely *must* go see this or that," there is a good chance that I will take to my bed with a detective story. Of course I stroll about with a guidebook in my hand, I don't intend to have the stupid vanity of wanting to be taken for a native, I have plenty of other faults. So I very ostentatiously carry the breviary of the innocent and respectable tourist.

Translated by Charlotte Underwood



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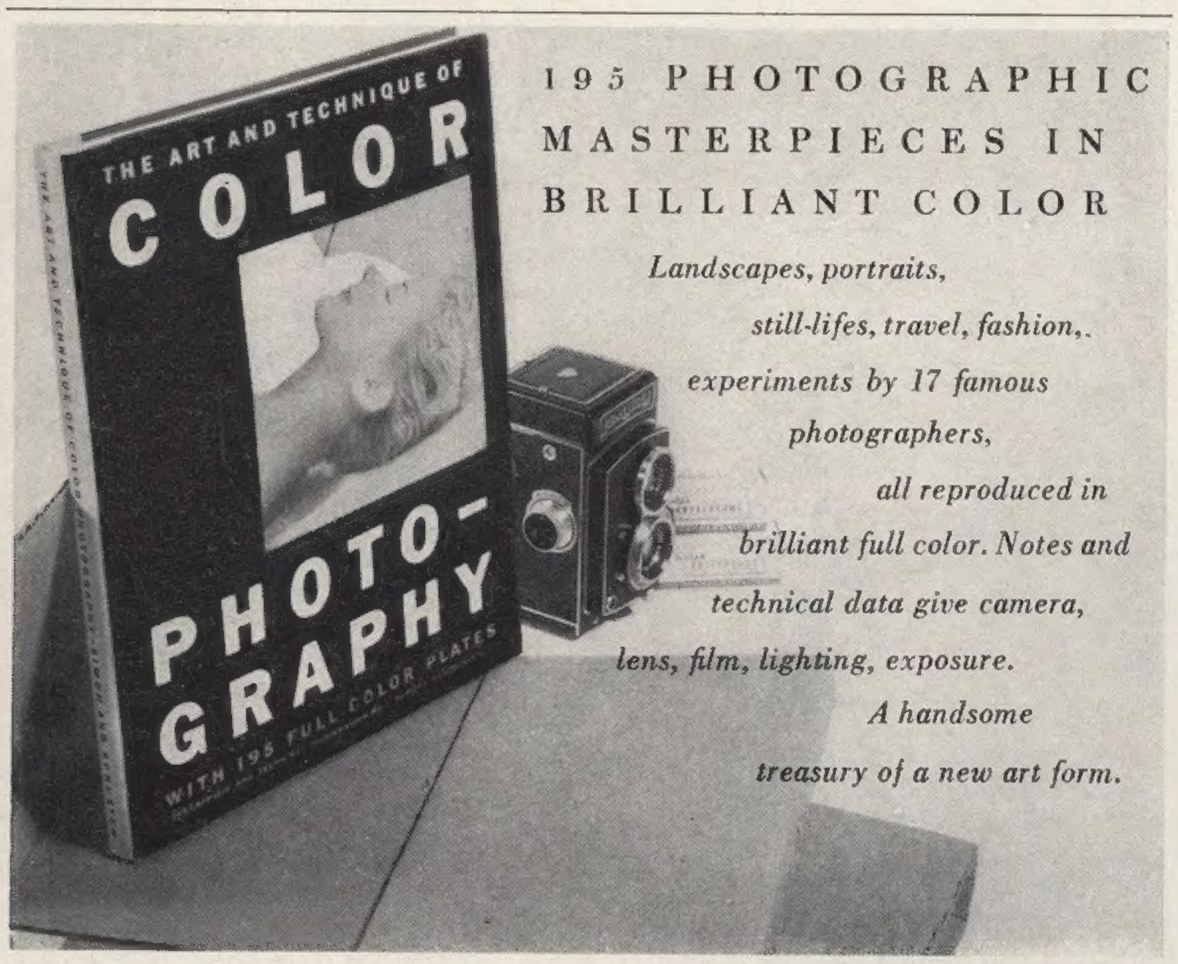
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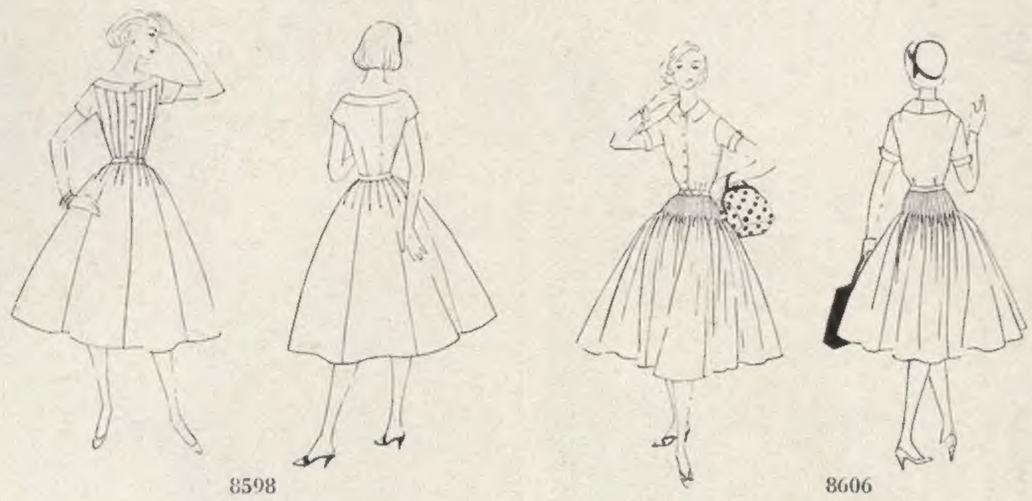
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VOGUE PATTERNS

(Back views, sizes, yardages of the patterns shown on pages 68-69)



8598 8606

Above left: Vogue Pattern 8598, the cotton broadlcoth dress with the tucked bodice: in sizes 10 to 18 (28 to 36). To make in size 16 (34), you will need 5 yards of 35" fabric. Pattern price: 75 cents. *Above right:* Vogue Pattern 8606, the shirtwaist dress, with a skirt that's full, partly tucked: in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38), 40. For size 16 (34), you will need 6¾ yards of 35" fabric. Pattern price: 75 cents.



8576

Above: Vogue Pattern 8576, the one-piece play suit, with a skirt included in the pattern. In sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38). To make in a size 16 (34), you will need 4⅞ yards of 35" fabric for the play suit, and 3 yards of 35" fabric without the nap, for the skirt. The price: 75 cents.



8618

Above: Vogue Pattern 8618, a three-piece play suit, that includes a play suit, a shirt, and skirt. In sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38). For all three pieces in size 16 (34), 6⅞ yards 35" fabric needed. Separately: 1½ yards 35" fabric for the play suit, 1¾ yards 35" fabric for the shirt, and 3¾ yards 35" fabric for the skirt. 75 cents.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL (POSTAGE PREPAID), FROM DEPARTMENT V, VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT; AND IN CANADA, AT 198 SPADINA AVE., TORONTO, ONTARIO. (Some pattern prices are slightly higher in Canada.) Note: Connecticut residents please add sales tax. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 5c additional for each pattern ordered.

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